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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XXXIX. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1902. NO. 4

Civil Court Proceedings.

Civil court convened Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with 26 cases on the trial list.

The cases of W. S. Weed & Co vs. Hall & Kaul, partners, assumpsit; W. W. Willoughby et. al. vs. the B., R. & P. R. R. Co., trespass; G. N. Grow vs. same corporation, trespass; A. A. Caterina vs. Elisha K. Kane, assumpsit; and Swanson Supply Co. vs. William Turby, appeal, were continued in every case on account of the illness either of attorney or witnesses.

In the case of Mary Carpenter, administratrix of the estate of Alpon Carpenter vs. John Dunn and R. Dennis, seire facias to revive, a jury was called and verdict taken against R. Dennis for the sum of $380, this amount having been agreed upon between parties as due plaintiff.

In case of W. R. Parks vs. W. F. Parks, appeal, verdict was taken against defendant by agreement in the sum of $85.44, with stay of execution for 15 days.

Use of C. G. Fitzgibbon vs. township of Corydon, assumpsit. This case was settled and verdict taken against the township for $499.77.

The cases of Joseph Haney vs. C. A. Weed and S. A. Mundy, assumpsit, and of Bertha M. Watson vs. P. L. Lowenthal, assumpsit, were settled out of court.

The first case called was that of T. C. Hunter vs. Mrs. Clarissa Hughes, for a labor claim. Plaintiff was unable to prove that the claim was strictly for labor, as he had paid men to do part of the work, and by his attorney took a nonsuit.

P. O. Buchanan vs. John Banks and Rebecca B. Wilson. This suit, which rises out of a contract, was begun in 1894, has been to the Supreme Court once and returned for final hearing. The court directed a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

In the case of L. B. Prosser against Corydon township the defendant gave judgment for $120. The costs were divided.

Ira H. Barton and Alice B. Morris vs. L. E. Cutting, attachment. Judgment was given in favor of the plaintiffs for $606.43. This case was settled out of court.

In the case of Mary A. Wharton vs. the city of Bradford the plaintiff's statement claimed that her children died in 1898 of typhoid fever caused from drinking water from a well alleged to have been polluted by the sewage of the city of Bradford. The defendant pleaded the statute of limitation. The plaintiff amended her statement to state that death occurred in 1899. The defendant pleaded surprise as the case had been prepared according to the original statement and a continuance was granted.

The case of Eli K. Peasley vs. the McKean county poor district, trespass, was withdrawn on motion.

Geo. W. Mitchell vs. Bridget Sheehy, involving the ownership of a horse, buggy and cutter. The evidence was strongly in the plaintiff's favor and the court directed a verdict for plaintiff with judgment of six cents damages, which carries costs with it.

E. D. Foster vs. Nathan Snyder, administrator of the estate of Mrs. A. M. Foster. Verdict for plaintiff in the sum of $278.83.

The following decrees awarding divorce have been handed down by the court: Anna M. Garrigan vs. J. B. Garrigan, Frank W. Strahl vs. Dora Strahl, Leafy Boss vs. Wallace M. Boss, Willis A. Stevenson vs. Grace M. Stevenson, Lettie N. Hopper vs. Joseph E. Hopper.

Subpœna in divorce was awarded in the case of Carrie B. Leggett vs. C. W. Leggett.

Alfred Johnson of Bradford was sworn in as a citizen.

Leave to enter judgment was granted in the case of V. H. Cook vs. John Thomas.

F. D. Gallup, Sheridan Gorton, E. L. Keenan, R. B. Stone and James George were designated as members of the law library.

The case of J. E. Ward vs. Bradford Electric Street Railway Co., for damages, was settled out of court. Ward was injured in a collision at Bradford in 1899. He will receive about $3,250 from the company.

Mrs. Sarah Olin vs. Bradford. She fell on a walk in that place last summer. The jury awarded her $1,100.

The Conroe case is on trial.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 4, 1902.

James Buchanan, Mrs. W. S. Evans, H. C. Guernsey.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The most extensive line of Robes and Blankets ever shown in town can be seen at J. C. Hamlin's

Feed your dog on Spratt's dog biscuits. For sale by Holmes & Gilfillan.

REPUBLICAN RULES.

Conference at DuBois Provides Regulations for Congressional Primaries, Etc.

Rules adopted at DuBois, Jan. 15, for the holding of congressional primaries, etc., by the Republican party in the 21st Congressional district of Pennsylvania, are as follows.

Rule 1. Republican primaries for the nomination of a candidate for Congress in the 21st district, shall be held in each of the four counties on the same date, providing all the county chairmen agree on such date and if not, then they shall be held on dates set by the county rules respectively.

Rule 2. Congressional conferees shall be appointed as per the rules in the respective counties and shall meet in DuBois on the second Thurday following the date of the last primaries held in the district, but not later than August 15, and the conference may then adjourn from day to day to such time and place that they see fit.

Rule 3. That each county be entitled to three delegates, selected in accordance with their respective rules; provided, however, that if after one day's session there is no nomination, an ajournment for not more than one week nor less than five days will be made, and when the conference reconvenes and 10 more ballots have been taken and there is no nomination, then each county's representation will be as follows: Three votes absolutely, and one additional vote for each 1,000 Republican votes, or the major fraction of it, polled at the last preceding Presidental election. After 10 more ballots have been taken and no nomination has been made, then the candidate receiving the lowest number of votes shall be dropped and so continue on each succeeding ballot until the nomination has been made; and, provided, that at all conferences any one or more conferees present from any county shall cast the full vote to which he is entitled.

Rule 4. The conferees or a majority of them shall proceed to organize by the election of a chairman and secretary and two tellers.

Rule 5. All the conferees shall constitute a quorum for the business of the conference, and a majority vote of the conferees present and voting shall nominate the candidate for Congress in accordance with Rule 3.

Rule 6. It shall be the duty of the chairman and secretary of the conference to certify to the nominations under the rules, as the law may provide.

Rule 7. In case of the death or withdrawal of a candidate for Congress after nomination the conferees shall meet promptly and nominate another candidate in accordance with the rules.

Rule 8. These rules may be succeeded by a committee consisting of three members from each county authorized by the respective county conventions for that purpose.

Rule 9. Each county shall within reasonable time before the National Presidential convention select three conferees to elect delegates and alternates to the National convention and the conferees shall meet for such purpose at the time and place agreed upon by the respective county chairmen.

The conferees at the DuBois meeting were as follows:

Centre—John Gowland, Harry Hewitt, W. F. Reeder, W. E. Gray, Frank Clemson.

Clearfield—A. H. Woodward, W. C. Miller, M. L. McQuown, Harry Boulton, W. C. Arnold.

Cameron—L. W. Gleason, C. F. Barclay, Dr. V. K. Corbett, B. W. Green, H. H. Mullen.

McKean—H. H. North, T. B. Clark, T. F. Richmond, H. H. Clayson, Geo. W. Mitchell.

Troubles of Their Own.

The Union party is no longer united. Trouble has been brewing in their ranks for some time. It has been a case of two gangs of spoilsmen who were not strong enough to win alone (or together in fact) joining issues for personal gain, and each faction wanted all the spoils. John Wanamaker sees that, in case the Union party is ever successful in the city of Philadelphia or this Commonwealth, he will not be the boss of the gang, so his son's paper, the North American, has got out its hatchet for the Union party. Here are a few warm ones which the North American throws into its former friend:

"The Union party organization in this city has abdicated its principles and abused its trust."

"The local organization has shown itself to be not the representative of the independent voters, but the tool of spoilsmen."

"The Union party in this city, as the instrument of mere spoilsmen, represents no principles and has no banner that any independent or partisan citizen can follow."

A Cheerful Home

made so by a box of "The Delicious" Chocolates from the factory of The Rochester Candy Works, 407 to 418 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A fresh stock always kept by D. M. Brasted.

Death of An Estimable Christian Woman

Mrs. C. M. Smith died at her home in Portville, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1902, at 11:45 p. m., after an illness of nearly seven weeks.

She was the youngest daughter of John J. and Samantha Owen and was born in West Hickory, Warren county, Pa., February 8, 1872. In 1878 her people moved to Smethport and after her mother's death in 1874 she became an adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ault and lived with them until she was united in marriage with C. M. Smith. Seven children blessed their union, three of whom, two daughters and one son, survive her.

The direct cause of her death was an accident with which she met in her father-in-law's mill on the first day of December, 1901. Her husband was running the mill by the thousand, and being short of a sawyer, he was obliged to saw. She always brought him a lunch, and it was on this mission that an accident befell her. As she attempted to pass by the slasher saws her clothing came in contact with one of the saws and jerked her onto it. She was cut in such a frightful manner that it required more than two hundred stitches to close the gaping wound. When she was being carried into the house she said: "Don't cry mother, I am not hurt very much."

Little did she realize that death had put its mark upon her and would soon claim her. A day or two after she was hurt she said to one of her sisters-in-law, "Of course I would like to live, but if I cannot, I am satisfied. I am ready to go." The morning of her death she said to her brother: "I thought I was going to get well, but I am not." With a body racked with pain and shattered nerves not one word of murmur or complaint passed her lips.

She was a devout member of the Methodist church and an earnest worker for her master in the junior and Epworth Leagues and the Sabbath school. The husband has lost a true and loving companion, the children a kind and affectionate mother, the church, League and Sabbath school a zealous worker.

Besides leaving a bereft husband and three children she leaves three sisters, Cynthia, Gertrude, May, two brothers, Elmer and George, and an aged mother to mourn her untimely death.

Sleep, sleep, sweet sleeper,
On thy dear Savior's breast,
He has called thee home
To thy eternal rest.

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Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions were passed by Brown Hive No. 48, L. O. T. M., of Smethport, on the death of Lady Wright:

Whereas, It hath pleased Him who doeth all things well to remove from our Hive our sister, Mary Wright, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Lady Wright our Hive has lost a faithful member.

That, we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and pray that in this true hour of sorrow, which has so heavily fallen upon them, that God in his infinite mercy will help them to bear this sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a tribute to the departed sister we drape our chapter for ninety days and these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Hive, a copy sent to the bereaved family, also published in the local papers.

Maud Riggall
Mary Kissock,
Sarah Provin.

Oil Extinguishes Fire.

A gentleman from Sartwell in conversation with the writer a few days ago told of a curious incident that happened in the vicinity of his home last fall. Since the discovery of oil and gas in that section a number of farmers have gas piped directly from the wells to their kitchen stoves. One day while a workman was engaged at a well in some manner he turned a stream of oil into a gas pipe supplying a house in close proximity to the well. The rush of oil into the stove at the other end of the pipe, in which a fire was burning, was so sudden that instead of starting a conflagration it drowned out the blaze. When the farmer's wife entered the kitchen a few minutes later she found the stove full of crude oil, and it had overflowed until the floor was covered to the depth of several inches.

They Must Be Vaccinated.

In view of the reported prevalence of small-pox and kindred diseases in this part of the State the Smethport school board has determined to compel the enforcement of the vaccination law. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and it is the duty of every parent or guardian to see that children are properly vaccinated at once. There is no place in the community where the dread disease would spread more rapidly than in the public school if it once obtained a start by using this preventive and the chances of a dangerous epidemic are reduced to the minimum. The school board shows a commendable spirit in its resolve to act promptly and firmly in the matter as it is certainly the best thing for all concerned.

"Canoe Place" Heard From.

"The Fellow Who Got Left" in "The Passenger Coach Behind" sends us a communication defending his position in the unfortunate predicament, the facts of which were published last week. To satisfy him we publish it verbatim, but in justice to himself and friends we must first make known a few *facts* as to the condition of the brain from which the effusion sprang.

For years "The Fellow Who Got Left" has resided in that chill, quiet village of Port Allegany, following the occupation of writing the commonplace events of that community for neighboring and local papers, and heretofore the perplexing duties of auditing and passing upon the affairs of the county have never bothered his brain. During the two weeks previous to the penning of the following his brain has been overworked till, when he leaves his duties at the close of the week, steam may be seen issuing from his shoes as he steps into that cold, deathlike town he calls home, where he spends the day of rest. These sudden changes seem to have temporarily benumbed his usually bright intellect and, for his sake, we beg your indulgence when reading his communication which follows:

"Canoe Place," Jan. 20, 1902.

Editor MINER:—In your last issue I noticed an article in regard to the editor county official who "got left," and was obliged to reach his home at Port Allegany, dubbed "Canoe Place" by the residents of a lumber camp, commonly known as Smethport, a suburb of Farmers Valley. The fact of the matter is that the train service at the above mentioned "lumber camp" is so very poor that in order to make sure of getting away from "camp" one is expected to stand upon the railroad track and get picked up by the pilot of the engine, in order to make sure of his train. It is a lamentable fact in that but few residents of the county are aware of the existence of the said "camp," as its location does not appear upon the map of the grand old State of Pennsylvania. Among the inhabitants of the "camp," however, we have found a few intelligent people, but a great drawback to the place is its lack of postal and railroad service. As soon as that can be remedied it is possible that the "camp" will be named and its location marked upon the map.

"The Fellow Who Got Left."

From Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

We neglected to make mention of the change in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, published at Smethport, by Harry L. Backus. Editor Backus has recently changed the paper from the nine column four page size to the six column eight page style and it is a great improvement in the spicy McKean county exchange. We offer our best wishes for the success of the editor and his paper.—Austin Republican.

Editor Harry L. Backus of Smethport has changed the form of that old and always reliable Republican journal to six column quarto, same as the Press, and added a new dress of new type, new press, etc. Brother Backus deserves the hearty support of his patrons.—Emporium Press.

"McKEAN COUNTY MINER" fylde for en vecka se lan 38 ar och utkommer nu 8 sidig och 6 spaltig tryckt med nya stilar pa en ny press. Redaktor H. L. Backus vet hur att uppehalla tidningens framtaende rum inom tidningsverlden.—Bradford correspondent to Vart Land.

The Smethport MINER was 36 years old recently and celebrates the event by changing into an 8-page form with new type and press—the size of the Mail. We are glad to note the MINER'S prosperity and hope it will celebrate many more birthdays.—Warren Mail.

Our esteemed exchange, the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, now entering on its 39th year of existence, has changed its form from four pages to eight.—Wellsboro Agitator.

Kerns Hall Damaged By Fire.

Fire was discovered in Kerns hall, in the rear of Andrew Reilly's residence on Franklin street, shortly after seven o'clock Monday evening. The fire alarm brought out the hose company and although some difficulty was experienced in opening up a hydrant, a stream was soon on the building and the fire was put out before any great damage was done.

The fire is supposed to have originated around the chimney, a fire being left burning in the stove during the night. The damage, which is covered by insurance, will amount to about $400.

A Narrow Escape.

Claude Hamilton, a youth employed at Redfield's printery, had a narrow escape from a shocking death yesterday afternoon. While attending to duties alone in the basement in some manner he became entangled in a belt and was whirled around the shaft for several minutes. Luckily his cries for help were heard by the members of the force upstairs, who rushed to his rescue and stopping the machinery released him from his dangerous predicament. The boy's clothing was somewhat torn, but he was practically uninjured.

A Unique Marriage Sermon.

John J. McGraw, formerly a base ball novice with the Olean team of the Western New York & Pennsylvania league, and a failure at that, is now a celebrated National League player, says the Bradford Era. He was married the other day to a society girl at Baltimore. Rev. C. F. Thomas, the officiating clergyman, in a nuptial sermon, said:

"Let selfishness be no barrier to your happiness, but understand that each must often give up much, renounce himself, that both may enjoy delightful fruit for you know it is the 'sacrifice hit' that adds to the number of 'runs' and 'wins the game.' Fear not the 'adversaries that are many and strong,' that they seek to rob you of this result of your union. The 'game' will not be lost as long as you 'work together,' 'bunch your hits' and 'victory' is yours. She will cheer you, aid you, support you and share your 'triumphs' and participate in your 'defeats.' You will not have trouble to 'manage' her. She will keep in 'spirit and letter' the 'terms of the holy contract.' Lead her 'around the hard bases' of life. Make her 'steal' her way under the watchful eye of the enemy until she reaches the 'home' of happiness. Make her 'score' many bright and joyous days, that the 'pennant' of prosperity may continuously wave over your heads."

Indians Want to Vote.

A Syracuse dispatch to the New York Sun says the Christian party of the Onondaga Indians has adopted a petition to be sent to W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington. It asks that the tribal system among the Onondaga Indians be discontinued. The Indians ask for the division of the Onondaga reservation and the distribution of the tribal funds into individual holdings. The petition says:

"We ask the government to grant us the right to cast our ballots as free-born American citizens. We ask the government of the United States to bear in mind, before attempting to free the Indian from the reservation system, that our Confederacy of the Six Nations once owned all the lands of the State of Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York to the Hudson, and that for all this property we and our fathers have received scarcely a cent."

The dispatch says the Christians on the reservation contend that the pagan chiefs are accustomed to lease the most valuable of the lands to white men, who do not realize the value of the lands. These chiefs worship by ghost dances, burning dogs to atone for their many sins. The young women are not protected and vice flourishes. The petition makes a plea for industrial schools.

Fierce Naval Fight.

A fierce naval battle was fought on Monday in the harbor of Panama between the Colombian government fleet and the warships of the revolutionists. The government fleet consisted of the steamers Lautaro, Chicuito and Boyaca. The revolutionary ships were the steamers Padilla, Darien and Gaitan, which were trying to force a landing off Saoana.

The Lautaro was exposed to a terrific fire at close range and soon took fire and sank in the harbor. Gen. Carlos Alban, military commander and governor of Panama, was killed on the deck of the Lautaro during the engagement.

A dispatch from Colon states that two government vessels and the three insurgent vessels were sunk. The loss of life on both sides was heavy.

An Elegant Dinner.

Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison gave a six o'clock dinner for her husband, Judge Morrison, to a number of his friends on Thursday last. The dining room was beautifully decorated in red and white and covers were laid for fourteen guests. The dinner, which consisted of twelve courses, was one of the most excellent ever given in town, which would naturally be expected from Mrs. Morrison. J. W. Bouton acted as toastmaster and each offered a befitting toast.

The guests present were: Hon. T. F. Richmond, Rev. J. H. McCandless, Attorneys J. W. Bouton, Sheridan Gorton, E. L. Keenan, John Forrest, E. R. Mayo, F. D. Gallup, G. B. Mayo, Doctors H. L. McCoy, John Clark, Messrs. H. C. Wells, Geo. W. Mitchell and W. H. Morrison.

I. O. O. F. Reception.

The local I. O. O. F. lodge threw open its doors to visitors at about 8:45 p. m., last Friday evening and as a result about 125 were in attendance and enjoyed the hospitality of the lodge. A male quartette composed of Dr. H. L. McCoy, Charles E. McCoy, Guy B. Mayo and Guy H. McCoy sang "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Juanita," to the delight of all present. Sheridan Gorton and W. G. Holder gave two short and interesting addresses, after which a quartette composed of Messrs. James Kelley, Alfred Fairfield, John Hart and Peter B. Kelley delighted the gathering with a few selections. Cards were then indulged in and refreshments were served. It was a very pleasant occasion and was enjoyed by all.

Bill to Strengthen the Gold Standard.

The time to mend a leaky roof is in the dry weather, and the time to repair a defect in the currency system of the country is when the prevalence of prosperity and the control of the government by a Republican administration prevent that defect from being felt, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It is a fact not generally known or understood that there is a flaw in the legislation enacted two years ago for the purpose of establishing the gold standard, which, under certain conditions, might lead to serious results. The silver dollar is still legal tender to an unlimited amount, and the exchange by the government of gold for silver, while it is generally practiced, is not compulsory. If the owner of silver dollars wants to get gold dollars for them at par there is no way in which he can certainly do so. If he takes them to any United States sub-Treasury the chances are that he will be accommodated, but that is of grace and not of right. His application might legally be refused, and it would be refused were the party which opposes the gold standard in power.

As the currency bill which is now law originally passed the House it contained a clause which required the government to give gold for silver dollars upon demand. That provision was stricken out by the Senate, and is no part of the existing law. It is for this reason that the Hill bill, which has just been favorably reported by the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, was framed and introduced. It does not leave this important matter to the discretion of the Treasury officials. It explicitly and peremptorily directs the Secretary of the Treasury "to exchange gold for legal tender silver dollars when presented to the Treasury in sums of five dollars or any multiple thereof." This would remove any uncertainty upon a subject which is one of grave public concern, and which in a marked manner comes within the scope of the saying that nothing is settled until it is settled right.

There is another defect in the existing system to which the Hill bill applies a remedy which is appropriate and would be effective. The full legal tender silver dollar is an anomaly which needs to be removed. How to remove it without alarming the public, without inflicting loss upon holders and without contracting the currency is the problem which the Hill bill solves. It stops the coinage of standard silver dollars, and directs that the silver bullion in the Treasury purchased under the act of July 14, 1890, be coined as needed into subsidiary silver coin, and that after its conversion into such coin has been completed, then that any silver dollars in the Treasury shall be similarly treated. In this way the now useless bullion would be made serviceable, and the full legal tender silver dollar would be gradually, imperceptibly, definitely eliminated from a currency into which it ought never to have been introduced, while at the same time the demand of the public for more small silver, which is nearly all strenuous, would be satisfied.

These are all results whose attainment is eminently desirable, and it is therefore to be hoped that the Hill bill will, without undue delay, be enacted into law.

Bitten By a Mad Dog.

L. L. Beal and W. A. Smith of Coleville arrived in Bradford last night en route to New York, where they will enter the Pasteur Institute for treatment in consequence of having been bitten by a dog afflicted with hydrophobia, says the Era of Saturday. The dog, a fine fox hound, was owned by Mr. Beal, who is a former resident of this city, having been identified with the firm of Beal, Simons & Co. The animal began to act strangely on last Saturday. Before it was discovered that the dog was affected with the rabies it had bitten both Mr. Beal and Mr. Smith on the hands, and had savagely attacked a number of animals in the vicinity. The dog was finally chained up and on Wednesday it was suffering from a fully developed attack of hydrophobia. Within the last two days nearly every dog in Coleville has been killed, as a large number of them had come in contact with the afflicted animal.

Glassmen Get a Raise.

Sidney Owens received a telegram yesterday afternoon to the effect that the American Window Glass company had decided to give the gatherers, blowers, flatteners and cutters in their factories a voluntary raise in wages. The raise on single strength glass is 15 per cent. and on double strength 10 per cent., the same to take effect on January 25th.

Mr. Owens said that if there was not a string on this raise in the way of an agreement on the part of the works to sign articles for an early close, it would be a great benefit to the glassworkers in this section. This scale will be allowed by all factories working under the old L. A. 300, or Burns scale. As a matter of fact it will affect all factories for, undoubtedly the Independent factories will meet or go this raise one better.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Jan. 20, 1902.

Without food or strong drink but far from speechless the twelve representatives who compose the Democratic steering committee labored for four weary hours in the minority caucus room of the Capitol on Friday afternoon endeavoring to bring order out of chaos, but without result. With all the secrecy of a high degree Mason, Representative Richardson, chairman of the committee on resolutions, appointed by the Democratic House caucus, had "passed the word" to his colleagues that a meeting would be held promptly at noon and, while Mr. Underwood of Alabama entertained the newspapermen with one of his inimitable stories in the House lobby, his eleven conferees gained the minority room by devious paths. So great was the attempt at secrecy that ten minutes before noon some of the committee denied all knowledge of the meeting. However no sooner had Mr. Richardson called the meeting to order than the cacophonious oratory so characteristic of a Democratic "love feast" penetrated to the uttermost chamber of the Capitol and a corps of correspondents thronged the corridor whence ever and anon some catapult of Democratic wisdom would thunder through the mahogany doors and be eagerly recorded by the representatives of the press. Free silver, reciprocity with Cuba, Tammanyism and the Philippine tariff bill all contributed their share to the interest of the interest of the discussion, and the vigor and asperity which predominated the original caucus was not lacking. Just as the sound money faction promised to overwhelm the Texas Bryanites Mr. Henry cast a bomb into the caucus in the shape of a resolution declaring that no Democratic caucus had the power to overthrow a national platform. Immediately Representative Ball moved to substitute the Chicago platform for the McClellan resolution and again the merry war waged fast and furious.

Finally, a resolution was introduced binding the committee to report that in its judgment all resolutions should be laid on the table, it being argued that it would be non-debatable and, therefore, a caucus, at least superficially harmonious, might be held, but sufficient votes could not be obtained to carry it and Representative Robertson again started the ball rolling by a resolution sending the minority to oppose all reciprocity with Cuba. Worn out with their labors the committee then adjourned, every member having been pledged by Mr. Richardson, who imagines himself a modern Richelieu, to the most absolute secrecy. Another meeting will be held but in the meantime Mr. Richardson will work with the members individually to secure harmony.

Out of courtesy to the Democratic members of the Philippines Committee Senator Lodge [illegible] to submit the report of [illegible] Thursday [illegible] believe that such a reduction is essential to their interests.

A member of the Senate Committee on Inter-Oceanic canals said Saturday: "The canal question is decidedly up in the air. It is impossible at this time to predict how it will end but I begin to fear that there will be no definite canal legislation this year. The Walker commission is again in session and while nothing is definitely known it is said that the Commission will recommend the Panama route. That would necessarily delay legislation very seriously. Senator Morgan had an unsatisfactory interview with the President on Thursday. The Senator is firmly convinced that the Nicaraguan route is by far the better, but Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to be convinced and opposes acting with what he calls precipitation. Senator Hanna seems to have some leanings in favor of the Darien route and that, if true, means a new obstacle to contend with."

The beet sugar men determined on a new move recently and decided to go to headquarters, as they expressed it, in order to prevent any reciprocal arrangement with Cuba. Accordingly they called at the White House and had a conference with the President. They supposed that they could bring sufficient influence upon him to induce him to change his views but they found him very strongly entrenched in his opinion and a very difficult man to change. They were confronted by a letter from Mr. John D. Spreckels of California, in which he said that the beet sugar interest already had more consideration than it deserved and Mr. Spreckels' letter seemed to have more weight than their arguments.

The campaign of the beet sugar men in the House is producing results more favorable, however, as they have led some of the members to believe that a vote for Cuban reciprocity will lose them their seats. The lobby is also engaged, and with some success it is feared, in stirring up an animosity between the House and the Senate. There are some members and Senators who actually believe that the industry will be severely injured by a grant of 25 per cent reduction to Cuba, but on the other hand they say that if the administration is correct and Cuban prosperity depends on the concession, it had better be granted because otherwise the United States will be obliged to step in to preserve order in Cuba and that will mean annexation and free trade with the island.

Senator Mason told me yesterday that he was considerably annoyed by the report that he was opposed to rural free delivery and that he intended some day this week to ask for a hearing in the Senate on the ground of personal privilege, when he would set himself straight in the matter. He said: "On the contrary, I am in favor of rural free delivery, have been in favor of it for years and have only recently been in consultation with the Postmaster General with a view to securing a larger appropriation this year as I hope to see the service extended throughout the country."

ITALIAN VIOLINS.

The First "Strad" Sent to London Could Find No Purchaser.

Italian violins have not always held the supremacy they now enjoy. It was not indeed till the beginning of the nineteenth century that they came into vogue to any extent outside their native land. Previously Jacob Steiner (1621-83) was the favorite maker, and his high model had been almost exclusively copied by his fellow Germans and the different makers in France and England. When the elder Corvetto, who had been a merchant before entering the musical profession, came to London in 1738, he brought with him some instruments by Stradivari. The result of this endeavor to introduce Italian work into England fills one with pathetic wonder. It is almost beyond belief. As he could not get as much as £5 ($25) for a violoncello he was obliged to send the instrument back to Italy for a bad speculation. Five pounds for a "Strad," and not a single purchaser to be found!

This incident in itself furnishes sufficient testimony to the slavish following of the great German maker and the strong prejudice of the violinists of that period in favor of the high model. It is indeed the players who are most to blame for the slow adoption of the flat model, for the creator must make that is necessitated by the demand; but the eighteenth century fiddlers at any rate in England, France and Germany, seem for the most part to have been content that their violins should possess a small sweet tone, never realizing the lack of power and sonority.—Connoisseur.

He Said to Himself.

Kansas enjoys the distinction, possibly, of being the only state in the Union where a man has been allowed by a court of inquiry to testify regarding what he said to himself.

A committee had been appointed by the legislature, says The Green Bag, to investigate the alleged bribery of certain members in connection with a defeated railroad bill. The first witness called testified that he saw one of the representatives late one night coming down the hotel stairs.

"I said to myself," he went on, but a member on the side of the defense jumped to his feet.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "You can't testify about what you said to yourself."

[illegible]

"I said to myself," serenely proceeded the witness, "[illegible] up to [illegible]."

The testimony was recorded and made a part of the official record.

Chinese Points For Hosts.

"Don't eat with your eyes," says Yuan Mei, a Chinese writer, "by which I mean do not aim at having extraordinary out of the way foods, just to astonish your guests, for that is to eat with your ears, not with your mouth. Bean curd, if good, is actually nicer than birds' nest. And better than sea slugs, which are not first rate, is a dish of bamboo shoots.

"The chicken, the pig, the fish and the duck, these are the four heroes of the table. Sea slugs and birds' nest have no characteristic flavors of their own. They are but usurpers in the house. I once dined with a friend who gave us birds' nests in bowls like vats, holding each about four ounces of the plain boiled article. The other guests applauded vigorously, but I smiled and said I came here to eat birds' nest, not to take delivery of it wholesale."

He Understood.

Anton Rubinstein, the Russian composer, in his autobiography tells of the confusion which overcame a certain architect of his acquaintance who had a habit of interlarding all his remarks with the phrase, "You understand."

On one occasion he was explaining certain architectural matters to the emperor, and, according to custom, made free use of his favorite expression.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Emperor Nicholas at last irritably. "Of course I understand! My dear fellow, how could I help it?"

Often the Case.

"William, I wish you would go and weed out the flower bed."

William went and inspected it. Then he returned.

"It would be a simpler job, Maria, to flower out the weed bed."—Washington Capital.

Can You Say This? Try It.

How much pleasanter it is to sit in a cab and think how much pleasanter it is to sit in a cab than it is to be walking, than it is to be walking and think how much pleasanter it is to sit in a cab than it is to be walking.

WANTED TO GET IN.

He Was Willing to Join If It Didn't Cost Too Much.

A lank, long countryman stood outside of the reading room door of the library of congress and looked with longing eyes at its gorgeous interior. Admittance had been refused on his declaring that he had no intention of reading, but he lingered near the door hoping something would turn up to let him in. Finally he again approached the doorkeeper.

"You say I can't get in, boss?" he asked.

"Not unless you want to read," was the discouraging reply.

"A dollar wouldn't be any object to you, would it, boss?"

The doorkeeper shook his head and waved the insistent visitor away. In a few moments three members of congress approached and, nodding to the doorkeeper, said, "We are members, you know," and passed in through the door. The countryman darted forward again.

"I say, boss," he asked confidentially, "how much does it cost to be a member? I belong to one lodge already, but ef it ain't too all fired much I'll go you, for I certainly do want to git in thar and set down a spell. I certainly do."—New York Tribune.

Asiatic Humor.

"At one of the public dinners given by Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan," says Mr. Stephen Wheeler in his story of the ameer's life, "an excited native rushed into the midst of the assembly and prostrated himself in front of the ameer.

"'Sahib!' he gasped. 'The Russians are coming!'

"'From what direction are they visible?' asked the ameer without changing his expression.

"'From yonder hill,' replied the native.

"'Climb that tree and watch until they come!' was the royal command.

"The native ascended to the topmost branches and was forced to remain until he dropped to the ground."

"Political upholsterers," whom Addison described as "grave persons," may see in this anecdote evidence of the ameer's full confidence in Russia's intentions toward Afghanistan. It is more probable that it was a manifestation of that grim humor which was of the quaint oriental stripe with which the "Arabian Nights" have made us familiar.

A Chinaman's Protest.

The Peking Gazette, speaking of Chinese in foreign lands, says:

"We dress and speak differently from foreigners, just as foreigners do who come to China. But nobody in the streets calls us 'Chinese devils.' The children in the streets wish to see how long our cues are, but the police, seeing them annoy us, scatter them. When we go into a shop to buy anything, we are treated with even more consideration than their own people. We enter their homes, it is the same. They seek to please us in every way, show us curios or play the organ or piano for us. The writer has been to France, England, America, Japan, Spain and South America [illegible] years [illegible]

[illegible]

Light Without Sight.

[illegible] If the optic nerve [illegible] excited to [illegible] we shall then see light and sparks. If, moreover, the eye is struck, cut or mutilated in any way, we should see a brilliant flash of light, though without any sensation of pain. And so it is with the other nerves. The auditory nerve has only to be excited, not necessarily by sounds, so as to reach its center, the brain, and we shall hear a sound. How many ghosts might not be destroyed in this way?—Chambers' Journal.

The Danish Mascot.

The chimney sweeper is the Danish mascot. You see him in gold or silver, suspended on a lady's watch chain, instead of the "lucky pig" or horseshoe, which is the English symbol of good luck. He also appears on note paper and postcards, implying that your correspondent wishes you a rise in life. It is the old fashioned sweep that is thus depicted—he who had actually to climb the chimney, his implements being a four foot ladder, a short broom and a rope.

American English.

We do not speak the English language in the way in which it is spoken by the people of England. We have greatly changed, enlarged and perhaps improved it in our usual progressive way. The wonder lies in the notion of Englishmen that their way of speaking the language is the only way and that our way is wrong.—New York World.

A Good Mimic.

"I don't see what yoh all has to git so proud about," said Miss Sallie Cottonball.

"Cohse you doesn'," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I'se been studyin' de white folks. What you wants to do is jes' put on de airs yohse'f an' let de yuthuh folks do de guessin' 'bout what de reason is."—Washington Star.

A Rod In Pickle.

Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon.

Johnny—Yes'm, I know.

Mrs. Goodsole—Just think how worried she must be!

Johnny—Oh, she's near the end o' her worryin'. I'm jest beginnin' mine.

CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

Its Outline Remains an Unparalleled Idea In Architecture.

The greatest of the architectural enterprises Michael Angelo was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion.

He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first deviser, and their enmity and misapprehension of what was best aimed at a continual thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment, "It cannot be denied," said he, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter's clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth."

We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor can we see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing that Michael Angelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur.—John La Farge in McClure's.

The Pelican Smiled.

There is a sly old pelican in Central park which has an almost human way of noticing what goes on about him without seeming to do so. The other day two herons in the same cage with him fought over a fish. One had made the catch, but the other had undertaken to wrest the morsel from its rightful possessor.

They squabbled over it like two boys who have hold of the same baseball bat. The scuffle brought them into the neighborhood of the old pelican, who stood, apparently asleep, with his big bill tucked away under a wing. Then the heron dropped its fish, and the battle went on.

No sooner had it been dropped than the great bill came out from underneath the wing and the fish went into the pelican's pouch. Then the head disappeared again. The pelican was plainly asleep.

When one heron gave up the fight and flew away, the other looked about for the prize. It was nowhere to be seen. The keeper of the bird cages solemnly asserts that he saw a twinkle in the eye which the pelican opened to give a glance at the retreating heron.—New York Times.

Peculiar Roses.

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of Yorkshire battles. After describing the terrible battle at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this [illegible] of Towton field [illegible] to the little dwarf bushes [illegible] the White Rose and the Red."

"The [illegible] said to have been plentiful at [illegible] century, but the visitors have taken [illegible] The little roses are white, with a red spot in the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color."—London News.

Cave Animals.

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of caves. Dampness or a certain degree of moisture seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil all around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand leg sort. These thousand leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungous growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.

A Varnishing Tip.

When varnishing wood, the work must be done in a warm room at a temperature of at least 75 degrees F. At a lower temperature the moisture in the air will give a milky and cloudy appearance to the varnish. On the other hand, at the higher temperature the moisture is not precipitated until the alcohol of the varnish has sufficiently evaporated to leave a thin smooth film of shellac. The durability and gloss are dependent on this.

Mystery Both Ways.

Pauline—Just think of the awful things we know about people whom we don't know!

Emeline—Yes. Isn't it wonderful! And just think what the people whom we don't know may know about us!—Detroit Free Press.

Stimulating Contributions.

Mrs. Von Blumer—The minister preached the most touching sermon I ever heard.

Von Blumer—How much did he raise?—Judge.

Weight for weight, oriental rubies are valued ten to twenty fold the price of diamonds. The best come from China, Ceylon and India.

MISAPPLIED WORDS.

Some Expressions the Use of Which Should Be Reformed.

"Extra" is an abused word. People say "extra good" or "extra cheap" in order to intensify "good" and "cheap." But "extra" has no such force. So far from intensifying a given condition, it denies it by indicating that the thing so described lies outside the sphere or quality named. Thus "extra judicial" does not mean more than ordinarily judicial, as though a judge had dredged his conscience in giving an opinion, but outside of judicial and therefore incapable of being judged at all in the prescribed way.

A grievous fault is the use of "identify" in a phrase like this, "He is identified with the antivaccination movement." A man can only identify himself with another man or set of men. He can identify himself with the opponents of vaccination, and even here the word carries a shade of meaning of its own, distinguishing the phrase from such a one as "he joined the opponents of vaccination."

One should not speak of "high" or "low" caliber; but, remembering the meaning of "caliber," one should apply to it only such adjectives as "great" or "small."

It is wrong to speak of a "consensus of opinion." The word "consensus" itself means an agreement of thought and should stand alone.—Academy.

Crank and Epicure.

"A traveling crank and epicure had the audacity to ask the head steward shortly before my boat sailed from Liverpool for New York," said a waiter on an ocean liner, "if he would mind changing three of the courses on the bill of fare for others which he preferred. He was informed politely but firmly that there were other passengers besides himself sailing on the vessel and that if he thought he could not survive on the excellent fare provided during the voyage all he had to do was to book with another line and his passage money would be returned to him.

"Steamship companies are not in the habit of returning passage money when once paid, as is well known, but in this instance we would willingly have done so.

"Our fastidious passenger did not book with another line, however, and, what is more, he ate enough at each meal on the trip to satisfy two men with sea air appetites and presented to the waiter, who attended with extreme good nature to his likes and dislikes throughout the voyage, the magnificent sum of 15 cents."—New York Mail and Express.

His Lovely Manners.

A benevolent looking man boarded a downtown elevator already occupied by three women upward bound. With a Chesterfieldian air he respectfully doffed his hat and held it in his hand until he had reached his destination.

"What a charming man! Such lovely manners!" gushed the women in chorus.

A few minutes later the benevolent looking man of the lovely manners reached his office. [illegible]

"Lovely man!"

[illegible]

The Wrong Crop.

Visiting a [illegible] parish [illegible] archdeacon of St. [illegible] he was round by the clerk. On arriving at the churchyard he found a fine crop of wheat growing in it.

"Lor, deer!" said the archdeacon. "I can't approve of this. I really did not think Mr. —— would have planted wheat in the churchyard."

"That's just what I told parson," said the clerk. "I says," says I, "ye didn't ought to have wheated it; ye ought to have tatered it!"

Fair Bargain.

Uncle Benjamin—What yoh gib me foh mah hoss?

Rastus—Ah'll gib yoh a load ob hay; dat's a fair bargain.

Uncle Benjamin—Yoh gib me a load ob hay? An' what d'you expect Ah'll do wid the hay an' no hoss to eat it?

Rastus—Ah'll len' yoh the hoss till he's got it eat up.—New York Times.

Her Accent.

French Professor—Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you spick ze French wizout ze least accent.

Miss Breezy—Real kind of you to say so, but do I really?

"Oh, yes! Zat ees, wizout ze least French accent."

Brine springs flow under the town of Norwich, England. They have been there for centuries and were used for the production of salt long before the Christian era.

Shaking Something out of Every Shoe.

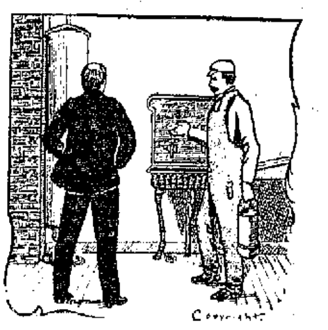
in the store. And it isn't quality, nor is it style. It's part of the price. Not that prices are too high, but rather because the stock is too large.

Always fill up every shelf in the store for the holidays. Do this to give plenty of variety. Later we expect to lose a little.

This is the time when we share profits with customers.

Anderson & Carlson

SMETHPORT PA.



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our work will pass the most rigid examination by experts. All

PLUMBING

jobs—no matter how small and simple, or large and complicated—are successfully handled. Material and workmanship in covered places is just as good as that in plain sight.

Get our estimates before placing contract elsewhere.

Willett S. Palmer.

UNION 'PHONE 24.
REILLY BLOCK, Smethport.

Wheeler & Wilson

TRIPLE TIMES THE VALUE OF
——ANY OTHER——

ONE THIRD EASIER AND FASTER

The only Sewing Machine that sews [illegible]

Rotary Motion and Ball Bearing make it [illegible]

Rapid. It saves about one day in three. [illegible] more work [illegible] more money.

Quiet and Durable. The Rotary Motion does away with the noise and wear caused by the forward and backward movement of the shuttle.

Best for All Kinds of Sewing. Will sew the lightest goods without puckering them, and on heavy work makes a seam that is elastic, strong, and durable.

C. A. BURDICK,

Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio,

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
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DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE Your Life away!

You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking NO-TO-BAC, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 437

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You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

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An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

PASADENA

KIDNEY CURE. It Nourishes, Fortifies and Refreshes the Whole System.

COUGH BALSAM. Cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.

LINIMENT. The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.

PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

LEUCORRHOEA AND ALL Diseases of Women POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY MEDICONES.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SATISFACTORY TREATMENT KNOWN. One Month's Supply $1.00. Samples Free. MEDICONE CO. Hornellsville, N.Y.

Redfield's Magazine

for February

Will be out on or about February the first.

Fine Illustrations. Entertaining Reading.

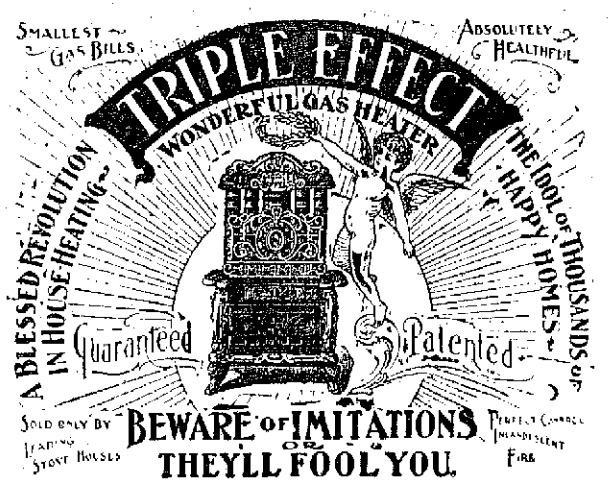
Sold by all Newsdealers.

This Magazine is being introduced throughout the county and subscriptions taken by Geo. H. Hyde.

5c the copy.

50c the year.

Scott F. Redfield, Publisher,
Smethport, Pa.


Smallest Gas Bills
Absolutely Healthful
TRIPLE EFFECT
WONDERFUL GAS HEATER
A BLESSED REVOLUTION IN HOUSE-HEATING
THE IDOL OF THOUSANDS OF HAPPY HOMES
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Patented
Sold only by Leading Stove Houses
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OR THEY'LL FOOL YOU.
Perfect Combustion Incandescent Fire

THE TRIPLE EFFECT.

If you are going to buy a Heating Stove get the best. If you want heat, health and a small gas bill get the Triple Effect. If you have any doubt of its marvelous heating qualities, consult any one who has used one, and especially those who have "fired" the imitations and replaced them with the original and ONLY Triple Effect. Sold ONLY by

J. C. Hamlin.

in Smethport and Vicinity.

Remember, its system of manufacturing hot air is covered by U. S. patents owned by the makers, and I have their exclusive agency in this town. Any one claiming similar improvements in tubular heating is trying to recite 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out. They are sold at the same prices the world over.

McKean County Miner

[illegible]

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Liverymen are happy.

—Attend primaries Saturday night.

—See Willett S. Palmer's new plumbing ad this week.

—Monday morning the thermometers registered 10 degrees below zero.

—Drilling was started this week on a new well at Sartwell on the farm of Mike McAnliff.

—Shepard & Gallup advertise coffee in their ad this week. You can depend on them for good coffee.

—The State Normal school at Clarion affords the best facilities to our young people to get an education.

—The Epworth Leaguers had to postpone their sleighride Tuesday night on account of the bad weather.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce entertained a number of friends at cards on Friday last. Refreshments were served.

—Miss Agnes Redding of Olean, a graduate of Westbrooke college, is now employed in C. A. Burdick's insurance office.

—According to the Bradford papers James Holland of this place had an exciting time in that place last Sunday with a runaway horse.

—The dance and supper given by the hose boys at the hose house last Saturday night was a success. Another will be given on Saturday of this week. All are invited to come early.

—The alleged fight between Tom Sharkey and Peter Maher, which was to have been pulled off at Philadelphia last Friday night, was stopped in the third round. They were giving the spectators the poorest kind of a fake and the referee refused to act any longer.

—Trains on the B., B. & K. were much delayed Tuesday on account of the heavy fall of snow, and the train which leaves here at 4:40 p. m. made several attempts to climb the hill to Ormsby but failed. The snow plow from Bradford had the tracks clear by Wednesday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht entertained a number of friends at their home on King street last Friday evening. Dominoes and crokinole were the amusements for the evening. Mr. W. O. Herzog won the first prize and Mrs. R. C. Pickett of Warren captured the consolation prize. Refreshments were served.

[illegible] the United States mail boxes [illegible] throwing out this stuff. The government frankly admits its inability to cope with the advertising agents and prevent them putting the stuff in the boxes, but empowers the carriers to throw it out when it fills the box or covers up the mail.—Ex.

—The playing of cards for prizes among society women of Beaver Falls has grown to be such a rage that a petition is being circulated to be presented to the next legislature asking that an act be passed making it a misdemeanor to play for prizes. It is claimed that the women are getting to be regular gamblers and the competition among them to eclipse each other in the number and cost of the prizes is growing to be a serious drain on the pocketbook. The petition is being numerously signed.—Warren Mirror.

—The following from an exchange fits the columns of every local newspaper: "There never was a paper in any locality that gave all the local news. It is often that some person comes and goes that the editor does not see. It happens that a family is missed several times. They get the impression that the paper does not care to mention them or has a grudge against them. It is a mistake. The paper has no ill feeling, no spite, no enmity against anybody. Most people take the local paper. Don't be afraid to give the editor news of interest. Perhaps you think the paper has shown partiality, but try and see if it doesn't treat you well if given a chance."

A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks.

Prof. Roxa Tylor of Chicago, Vice President Illinois Woman's Alliance, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threatened to run into pneumonia. I tried different remedies, but I seemed to grow worse and the medicine upset my stomach. A friend advised me to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was pleasant to take and it relieved me at once. I am now entirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and I will never be without this splendid medicine again." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

The Mother's Favorite.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleasant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these diseases. There is not the least danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

We Grow Old In Pieces.

The general impression is that the body grows old uniformly. From birth till the age of twenty-five it grows in size and weight, from twenty-five to fifty it remains stationary, and from that period it decays. Observations of expert physiologists show us that this impression is not a correct one.

Each organ begins to age independently, each has its period for the change, and these periods differ with the various organs and do not take place coincidently, as we may have supposed. The body attains its greatest size during the third decade and remains in about the same condition during the fourth and fifth decades, that is true, but the brain reaches its greatest size in the second decade, the kidneys reach their maximum size during the third decade, the muscles, skeleton and intestines during the fifth, the heart and lungs in the eighth decade.

Increase or decrease in the size or weight of the body consequently is not due to simultaneous increase or decrease in all its parts.

The Shark Is a Slow Swimmer.

One ill service nature has done the shark—namely, that of placing a triangular fin on his back which acts as a danger signal and gives warning of his approach. Happily the shark has not been gifted with sufficient sagacity to be aware of this peculiarity, for had he been so he would unquestionably abandon his habit of swimming close to the surface of the water and would in that case be enabled to approach his victim unobserved. The shark is a slow swimmer for his size and strength.

Byron observes, "As darts the dolphin from the shark." But Byron was a poet and does not appear to have been a close observer of the habits of inhabitants of the water, or he would have known that a shark would have no more chance of catching a dolphin than a sheep would of overhauling a hare. A shark will keep up with a sailing ship, but it is as much as it can do to follow in the wake of a fast steamer, and a torpedo boat would be able to give it points.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is [illegible] exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange [illegible] is its [illegible] suspicion of any possible [illegible], since when it has come to recognize man as the [illegible] dangerous.

It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring [illegible].

Its usual gait when not pursued is a high springy trot. The springbok's [illegible] its nose to the ground, [illegible].

Pebbles and the Compass.

[illegible]

Where Amber Is Found.

The largest quantity of amber is found on the southern shore of the Baltic between Memel and Konigsberg, where it is [illegible] by the action of the [illegible] after the northerly gales. It is also found on the coast of Sicily, on the shores of the Adriatic, on the English beach of Norfolk and Suffolk and at Cape Sable in Maryland. Mining for amber in beds of brown [illegible] or wood coal is carried on in Prussia, and it is found in excavations all over Europe.

The microscope has shown yeast cells in Egyptian bread more than 4,000 years old.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. Keitz, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... **CURE CONSTIPATION.** ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 319

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

CENTRAL BLOCK. **"THE FAMOUS,"** SMETHPORT PA.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Couldn't have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind—but a good many kinds we want to close. What if the lots are small? Aren't they as good as any if THE SIZE, STYLE AND COLOR ARE THERE?

MEN OF SMETHPORT

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat for yourself or boy at a saving unapproached these offerings are entitled to your prompt consideration. Suits and O'coats that simply outclass any ever offered at like figures.

$6.50 TO $7.50 SUITS OR O'COAT	$5.75	$11.00 TO $12.50 SUITS OR O'COATS	$10.00
$8.50 TO $10.00 SUITS OR O'COATS	$7.75	$13.50 TO $16.50 SUITS OR O'COATS	$12.50

During this Great Reduction Sale we do exactly as we did in the past. Give you YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

WILLIAM MONHEIMER.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly [illegible] throughout in the latest style. [illegible]

[illegible], Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
ROBERT GRAVES, Prop'r.
Rates, $1.50 per day. Olean, N. Y.
Opposite W. N. Y. & P. Depot.

[illegible] Wines and [illegible] Ladies' Parlors [illegible]

HOTEL HAZEL,
POTTER & CLARK, Prop'rs.
Main St. Hazelhurst, Pa.

All modern improvements. Elegantly appointed bar. Rates, $2.00 per day, $9.00 per week.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
D. E. McDonald Proprietor
Larabee, Penn'a.

First-class in every respect
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

BARBER SHOP,

Alfred Sturdveint.

Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.

Shaving and Hair Dressing

—In the latest style of Art.—

None but first-class workmen employed. Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

M. J. Norris,

Tonsorial Artist, has opened a barber shop in Gaskin & Grant's news depot, where he is ready to serve all patrons. Shaving and hair cutting executed in a strictly first-class manner. A trial is all I ask, as I am confident I can suit you.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

For Sale.

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport, - Penn.

March 1, 1900.

NEW CENTURY CALIGRAPH.

THE HIGHEST POINT IN TYPEWRITER QUALITY AND EQUIPMENT
New Century
CALIGRAPH

Double universal keyboard. Represents 23 years' labor by the makers of the Caligraph typewriter. "The velvet touch"—minimum of labor and noise in operating.

Send for Catalogue.

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.
316 Broadway, New York. 21 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Local agency at Leonard's Drug Store, Bradford, Pa.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

INSURE YOUR LIFE WITH THE

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

OF NEW YORK.

One of the Great Life Companies of the World.

Frederick A. Burnham, President.

1881---RESULTS UNPARALLELED.---1901

Over 80,000 Policy Holders, Representing nearly 200,000,000 of Insurance.

Invested Assets, over	$12,250,000
Government Deposits, over	$600,000
Death Claims Paid, over	$44,000,000

For full information address

GEO. M. KELLOG, General Agent,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

J. COLEGROVE,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

F. S. Flour until Monday, January 13th, at $1.25 per sack. On that date we expect a car on which we were compelled to pay the advance.

Wool Hosiery at reduced prices.

Wool Bed Blankets at reduced prices.

Remember we sell P. M. Corsets at 75c each, any style.

J. COLEGROVE.

Next to Bank. SMETHPORT, I

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1902.

Republican Borough Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place in Smethport borough on Saturday, January 25, 1902:

Three persons for councilmen to serve for three years.

One person for justice of the peace.

One person for constable.

One person for auditor.

Two persons for school directors to serve for three years.

One person for judge of election.

One person for inspector of election.

Polls open from seven o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m.

S. H. KNAPP, Committeeman.

Announcements.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. S. G. SOUTHWICK.
East Smethport, Dec. 7, 1901.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for supervisor of Keating township subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JAMES BRAY.
Farmers Valley.

FOR CONSTABLE.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for constable of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. BERGA STICKLES.
East Smethport, Dec. 10, 1901.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-nomination and re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. M. BOARDMAN.
Derrick City, Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.
Kane, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—You will please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JNO. R. SHOEMAKER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1902.

PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
WILLIAM B. CLARKE.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. I. BELL.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1902.

REGISTER, ETC.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. [illegible], 1902.

RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 11, 1902.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. B. WALKER.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 18, 1902.

SHERIFF.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
CHAS. E. MAYS.
Morrisons, Pa., Jan. 20, 1902.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress in the Twenty-first District, subject to the rules of the Republican party and to the decision of the district conference.
T. F. RICHMOND.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 22, 1902.

OF the new Congressional district, McKean is the strongest county in a Republican sense, although one other county polls more Republican votes, yet it sometimes gives a Democratic majority. McKean holds the balance of power and as it goes so goes the district. The county has always been loyal to the cause, but it will roll up a bigger vote this fall if one of its own sons is nominated to the office.—Port Allegany Reporter.

CHAS. E. MAYS of Morrisons announces his candidacy for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Mays has been a resident of Hamilton township for a number of years and has always taken an active interest in politics. He has held several local offices and is at present justice of the peace and county committeeman of that district. Mr. Mays should receive hearty support among his friends.

THE announcement of Hon. T. F. Richmond appears at the head of these columns as a candidate for Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries and the district conference. Mr. Richmond is well qualified to fill the position to which he aspires and is a man who, if elected, would be a credit to the Twenty-first Congressional District as well as to this county. He has served one term in the State Legislature and his record there will bear the closest scrutiny. McKean county has not had a Congressman in eighteen years and as this county has always been a Republican stronghold, a suitable candidate from here should receive the nomination and election.

A DISPATCH from Astoria, Oregon, dated Jan. 18, says: Frank Bakowsky, a soldier in the army, to-day was degraded at Fort Canby and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the military prison on the Alcatraz Island, San Francisco. Bakowsky had threatened to assassinate President Roosevelt. He was on duty at Fort Columbia, Washington, when he voiced his anarchistic sentiments and after arrest by the civil authorities was turned over to the military authorities at Canby.

A. B. WALKER of Bradford announces that he is a candidate for Recorder of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Walker has been a resident of Bradford ever since the early oil excitement and has always been interested in oil production. He was sheriff of this county for three years and discharged his duties with credit to himself and the office. He is thoroughly capable of filling the office of Recorder and has many friends throughout the county who will assist in getting out a large vote for him at the primaries, and should he be the choice of the Republican party he will be elected this fall by a big majority.

Mexico and California.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Mexico and California which leaves New York and Philadelphia on February 11 by special Pullman train, covers a large and intensely interesting portion of North America, embracing a great part of Mexico, the beautiful coast resorts of California, and on the return journey from California, the Grand Cañon of Arizona, one of the great wonders of the country. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico and nineteen in California. The Mexico and California Special, to be used over the entire trip, will be composed of the highest grade Pullman Parlor Smoking, Dining, Drawing-room, Sleeping, Compartment and Observation cars, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Round trip rate, covering all necessary expenses during the entire trip, $575 from all points on the Pennsylvania system east of Pittsburg and $570 from Pittsburg. For the tour of Mexico only the rate will be $350 and for California only, which will leave February 25, $375. For itinerary and full information apply to ticket agents or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Biliousness is a condition characterized by a disturbance of the digestive organs. The stomach is debilitated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated. There is loathing of food, pains in the bowels, dizziness, coated tongue and vomiting, first of the undigested or partly digested food and then of bile. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets allay the disturbances of the stomach and create a healthy appetite. They also tone up the liver to a healthy action and regulate the bowels. Try them and you are certain to be much pleased with the result. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

A Cold To-Day Means Consumption To-Morrow

Consumption is more often caused by a neglected cold than any other way. It is poor judgment to buy a "common" cough syrup when it is so easy to get Dr. Geo. ~~Leininger's For~~ Leininger's Formal-de-hyde Cough Cure, the best cough remedy in the world for all serious and stubborn coughs and colds. It never fails. Sold at 25 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's Formal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Attention Parents.

Notice is hereby given, that on and after Feb. 1st, 1902, any and all children creating disturbances in the postoffice will be dealt with according to law.
J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

There is economy in buying good robes and blankets. They last longer, look better and are warmer than the "just as good" kind. I always handle the best.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

WANTED—Hustling agent (lady) for fine perfumes and extracts. Trade established. Address Virot & Co., Warren, Pa.

My stock of robes and blankets is complete. No better line was ever shown in Smethport. CHARLES LEMMLER.

Legal Notice

In re Estate of Polly Parker minor child of Noah H. Parker, late of Norwich township, deceased.	In the Orphans' Court of McKean County, Pennsylvania. No. 4, February Term, 1902.

In the matter of the petition of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of said minor, praying the said court to issue a decree charging the sum of three dollars per week upon the real estate of said decedent, situate within said county, and also upon the fund in the hands of the executors of said decedent, subject to the rights of dower of Gertrude Parker, now Kightlinger, widow, therein; and also praying said court to appoint a suitable trustee to take charge of said fund in the hands of said executors, and administer the same according to the trust provided in the will of said decedent, under decree of said court.

ORDER OF COURT.

Now, January 2d, 1902, within petition heard in open Court, and thereupon rule to show cause granted, returnable to next argument term (March 11th, 1902) at ten o'clock a. m. notice to be given to widow of decedent and devisees and executors by personal service of ten days upon those residing within this State; and upon those living without the State by publication in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER three weeks in succession, the last publication to be at least one week before return day, one copy of the paper containing the notice to be mailed to the last known address of such party.
THOS. A. MORRISON, P. J.

McKean County, ss:
1902, January 20th. Abstract from the record.
[Seal.] GEO. W. MITCHELL, Clerk.
E. R. Mayo & Son, Solicitors for Petitioner.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific
and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

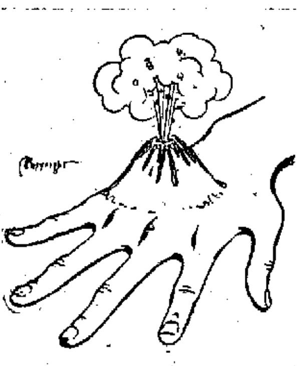
The only good Goods on the Market

SHASTA

PURE RYE.

Sold by all first-class hotels. Call for it.

Alexander Malt & Distilling Co
Cincinnati, O. Bradford Pa.



An Eruption of the Skin

may result from internal or external causes, but whatever the cause or effect the remedy is here. In our stock of

Drugs & Medicines

there is a complete line of all skin Emollients and purifying medicines. Among these our preparation for CHAPPED HANDS stands at the head. It is a positive relief for this and other irritations of the skin.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

MEATS & GROCERIES

Having purchased the store of John Green on Mechanic St., I am prepared to cater to the public patronage. Will carry a full line of Meats and Groceries. Also Home Made Mince Meat.

ALLAN OVIATT.

Borough Ordinance No.

Entitled an Ordinance relative to the running at large of dogs and bitches, and requiring the owners of such animals to muzzle them, and providing for seizure, detention and killing thereof in certain cases; providing penalties for allowing such animals to go at large without muzzles, providing for pound and compensation of poundmaster, providing for redemption of animals by owners thereof in certain cases, and prescribing duties of officers, etc.

WHEREAS, numerous citizens have expressed fear of alleged mad dogs said to be running at large and not muzzled within the limits of the Borough of Smethport:

Be it ordained by the town council of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. All owners of dogs or bitches permitted to run at large within the limits of said Borough of Smethport shall, for the period of 60 days from the date hereinafter designated as the time this ordinance shall take effect, and at and during such other times or periods as the Chief Burgess of said Borough may hereafter designate by publication and posting of not less than six (6) notices in the most public places in said Borough, provide and securely fasten a muzzle on such dog or bitch in such manner that such dog or bitch shall be unable to bite.

SECTION 2. Any person who, after the date this ordinance takes effect, and within the time or times that may be designated by the proper authorities for dogs and bitches to be kept muzzled in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance, permits his dog or bitch to run at large within the limits of said Borough without being properly muzzled, shall be liable to a fine of five dollars ($5.00), to be collected for the use of said Borough as debts of like amount are now by law collectible.

SECTION 3. It shall be the duty of the Constable, or any other person appointed for that purpose by the Chief Burgess, to seize and impound any dog or bitch running at large within said Borough during the said 60 days from the time this ordinance takes effect, and such other times as the Chief Burgess may hereafter designate, as heretofore provided, unless such dog or bitch be securely muzzled as aforesaid.

SECTION 4. That any person whatsoever may make complaint of persons allowing any dog or bitch to run at large without the same being properly muzzled and contrary to the provisions of this ordinance, to the said Chief Burgess, and it shall thereupon become his duty to entertain and immediately investigate the same, or cause the same to be done, and if said complaint be found to be correct, to apprehend or impound such dog or bitch, or cause the same to be done, as provided in this ordinance.

SECTION 5. The Chief Burgess of said Borough is hereby authorized, empowered and directed to provide and establish forthwith a pound, such as he may deem best, wherein he shall cause to be impounded all dogs and bitches that may at any time, as provided by this ordinance, be found at large, or loose, or wandering abroad within the said Borough, unmuzzled and contrary to the provisions of this ordinance; and also to employ a poundmaster to take charge of said pound, apprehend, take up, capture, collect and impound all of said animals, liable under this ordinance to be impounded, and to enforce the provisions of this ordinance. The compensation of the poundmaster shall be one dollar for each dog or bitch so impounded, which compensation shall be paid by the person reclaiming said animal, and in case they are not reclaimed, he shall be compensated as hereinafter provided.

SECTION 6. No animal impounded as aforesaid shall be released and discharged therefrom except by the owner making demand therefor of the Chief Burgess or poundmaster within 48 hours after such animal was impounded therein, proving ownership of such animal, and paying to said poundmaster the sum of twenty-five cents for each and every day or fraction thereof during which said animal was impounded therein, in addition to the sum provided in the preceding section, and procuring for and putting on said animal a suitable muzzle.

SECTION 7. The poundmaster shall cause all of said animals remaining in said pound 48 hours after being impounded therein without being claimed or released by the owner or owners, as hereinbefore provided, to be put to death in such manner and means and buried so as not to create a nuisance. The poundmaster shall receive the sum of one dollar for the first and fifty cents for each additional animal so killed and buried in any one day, which sum shall be paid by the Borough.

SECTION 8. Any person who shall break open any dog pound, or who shall in any manner release or abstract any dog or bitch therefrom, or who shall interfere with or hinder the capture or conveying of any such unmuzzled animal to said pound, shall be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars ($25.00), to be collected for the use of said Borough as debts of like amount are now by law collectible.

SECTION 9. This ordinance shall take effect on January 21st, A. D. 1902.

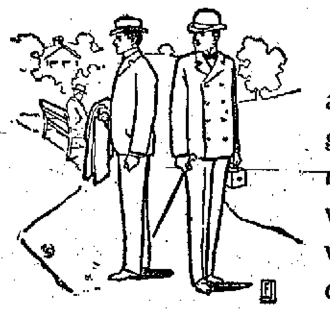
Attest: JAS. A. McKEAN,
[illegible] T. [illegible], President.
Secretary.
January 6th, 1902.

Approved this 6th day of January A. D. 1902.

F. W. BROWNELL, Chief Burgess.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

The most important discovery of recent years is the positive remedy for constipation. Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Cure guaranteed. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Druggists, 10c.



UP-TO-DATE attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to-par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & Co.,
THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

1902

WILL BRING LARGER OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROGRESS AND COMFORT.
So Will

J. M. SLOAN,

the Furniture Man. Many know this; all may.
6 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

D. C. Young

announces a reduction in price of

Winter Goods

to make room for spring stock which will soon be received.

A few Waldorf flannel waists and winter shawls still left will be closed out at cost, also women's flannelette suits. Wrappers from $0.75 to $1.50. Call and look over the stock before buying elsewhere

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 30, 1901.

"Tis not the clothes that make the man."
No, but a great deal depends on
The Man that Makes the Clothes.

IF HE DOES HIS WORK WELL, THE PATRON IS REGARDED MORE FAVORABLY BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC THAN AS IF THE CLOTHES HAVE A SLOVENLY APPEARANCE. WE MAKE SUITS THAT ARE GUARANTEED TO SUIT.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.,
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

CONDITION POWDERS

My own Make. 15c per pound.
Made from the purest drugs and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

KODAKS AND
KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Brasted's Holiday Sweets

Home Made Candy.

FRESH BALTIMORE OYSTERS
every day in the week at
The Model Restaurant.
Families Supplied.

THAT ETERNAL ITCHING.

$5 for any case of Itching Piles, Ulcerated Piles, Barbers' Itch, Old Sores, or Eczema that cannot be cured with one box of DR. ZIGG'S SILVER LEAF OINTMENT. By mail 50 cents.
DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa
For sale by all druggists.

F G. LINDHOLM & CO. F G. LINDHOLM & CO

Smethport, Pa., January 2, 1902.

Men's Underwear 1-4 Off.

We begin this morning our first sweeping reduction sale of Men's Underwear. It is a genuine clearance and the reduction is an absolutely fair and straightforward cut of 25 per cent. from the actual selling prices for the season. Surely the time to get a supply if you need winter underwear.

MEN'S $ .50 UNDERWEAR @ $ .38
MEN'S $1.25 UNDERWEAR @ $ .56
MEN'S $1.25 UNDERWEAR @ $ .94
MEN'S $1.60 UNDERWEAR @ $1.19

Reduction Sale of Boys' Clothing

Broken lines are a nuisance at stocktaking time and we have decided to close out all the odds and ends in our Clothing Department before February first. 25 per cent. off must do it.

Boys' Overcoats
For ages 3 to 9 years.
Boys' Three Piece Suits
For ages 3 to 10 years.

Special Reduction of Ladies' and Children's Furs

New Shipment of Queen Quality Shoes | Fresh Supply of Groceries Always on Hand

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Redfield's Monday Helpers.

FOUR THINCS that are necessary to make that day's work a little lighter—to prevent in a measure that "Blue Feeling" which is encouraged by poor washing materials.

A COOD WRINCER is a cheap Wringer. It is not only more durable, but ours with pure soft rubber rolls wrings dry and saves the buttons. We warrant them for a period of three or five years, depending upon the rubber. You know that it is "all in the rubber."

NO LEAKS in our best Charcoal Tin Boilers. They are made to wear and do wear. As in everything else, we aim to give our customers the best boilers that we can buy, at reasonable prices. We also carry a large line of COPPER BOILERS. These though they cost more than the tin are the best boilers to buy. They will more than make up the difference in the price in the length of time they will outlast the tin. Possibly you have a good copper boiler that requires a new bottom; bring it in; we can make it as good as new.

NO HOOPS to drop off when you have galvanized steel tub. You can leave it out in the sun and weather and it will not go to pieces. With our wringer attachment any wringer can be used on it. We have also the old fashioned wooden ones if you prefer that kind.

IMPROVED WASHBOARDS are being added to our stock from time to time. At present we have one made of galvanized steel, with board on either side; nothing about it to rust or corrode. Cheaper ones if you want that kind.

Redfield's Hardware,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Hay is selling in Smethport at $15 per ton.

—There are eleven prisoners in the county jail.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield on Friday, Jan. 17, a boy.

—That trust company article in the Port Allegany Argus reads rather funny without a credit.

—G. H. Hyde is our authorized agent to collect bills and solicit subscriptions, etc., in this county.

—Rev. P. S. Calvin, pastor-elect, will preach in the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

—The heavy snow storm of Tuesday and Wednesday delayed all trains in this section to a considerable extent.

—The Bradford basket ball team was defeated by the Olean team at Olean Tuesday evening by a score of 17 to 6.

—"Monday Helpers" is the title of Redfield's Hardware ad this week. Look it over and see if he can help you.

—Prof. J. Arthur Randall will, by request, sing "The Holy City" at the Baptist church services next Sunday evening.

—Mrs. Thos. F. Hungiville entertained a number of her lady friends yesterday afternoon at cards. Light luncheon was served.

—A number of subscribers have responded to our call for back subscription money, but we are deeply in need of more responses.

—A large number of lady friends were entertained at cards by Mrs. James A. McKean Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments were served.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dailey of Kane have removed to this city and have taken up their residence at No. 15 Hobson Place.—Bradford Era.

—All the singers of the town are requested to take part in the cantata "The Merry Milkmaids" now rehearsing each evening at the Baptist church.

—The dog catcher commenced his duties Tuesday morning. One dog was captured that day and all seen at large without being properly muzzled will be given a hot chase by the poundmaster, Andrew Ness.

—Harvey Simpler, who was cut in the eye by a piece of glass, mention of which was made last week, is improving rapidly. The eye will be saved and it is hoped that the sight will be nearly, if not quite as good, as before the accident.

—The small-pox and mad dog scare continues in various parts of the county, and conflicting statements of the condition occupy considerable space in our exchanges.

—The Republican primaries will be held on Saturday evening next and as yet but a solitary candidate for any of the various offices to be filled has come from under cover.

—Redfield's Magazine for February will be the best ever. You will see by the ad in this issue that it can be purchased for five cents the copy. There is no other five-cent magazine in its class.

—In a coasting accident at Port Allegany last Saturday evening Miss Naomi Rinn received a bad scalp wound, Miss Edith Rubart, a sprained wrist and head bruised, and Daniel Moran a broken wrist.

—Matthew N. Davis, a Jamestown boy aged 20 years, is under arrest at that place on the charge of bigamy. It is alleged he has two wives, one of whom is only 16 years old and the other 18 years.

—The Superior Court in session at Scranton handed down the following decision, which is of interest in this vicinity: Slattery vs. Order of Maccabees (C. P. McKean, two cases) reaffirmed.

—Saturday night eight couples of young people enjoyed a sleighride to Hazelhurst where dancing was indulged in until midnight. A good warm supper was had before returning and the merry crowd returned home in the "wee sma'" hours Sunday morning.

—Miss Dora Keenan, in honor of her cousin, Miss Frietag, gave a progressive euchre party Tuesday evening. First prizes were won by Mrs. Burt Moore and Dr. E. R. Baker, and Mrs. R. C. Sasse and Henry Torrence received the consolation prizes. Refreshments were served to about forty guests.

—Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson's sermon on "Lights," at the Methodist church next Sunday morning will be of special interest to children as well as adults. McKinley memorial service in the evening, opening with a song service. The junior choir will sing in place of the regular choir in the morning.

—Lillian Williams, a colored lady filled with sporting blood and booze, attended a pay-day dance in West Virginia last Saturday night. The orchestra was playing waltzy music when she wanted ragtime. She used a revolver in her argument for ragtime and as a result two colored musicians have departed this life, while a white spectator lies mortally wounded and Lil lies in jail. The police beat the mob on the scene or she would be hanging to a tree

—The regular mothers' meeting will be held in the M. E. chapel Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 3 o'clock. All are cordially invited. Refreshments will be served. The members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to meet at 2:30 sharp to attend to business.

—Lincoln Gallup informed us Monday that he was not a candidate for auditor of Keating township as appears on the ticket. J. V. Gallup is the candidate for auditor and all persons who wish to vote for him are requested to write "J. V. Gallup" in the blank column.

—A prominent wholesale liquor dealer picked up a paper in one of the depots the other night saying, "I want something interesting to read while on the train." He had not gone far when he burst forth with the exclamation: "What do you think of this?" Then he showed the writer the Prohibition World.

—Henry Hamlin, Ralph E. Burdick, Fred D. Gallup, Orlo J. Hamlin and John Forrest will ask for a charter and form a corporation to be known as the Smethport Trust company, the object of which will be to insure owners of real estate, mortgagees and others interested in real estate from loss by reason of defective titles, liens and encumbrances.

Our clubbing rates are as follows: The MINER and Tribune Farmer, $1.50; MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press, $1.50; MINER and Thrice-a-Week World, $1.65. All these rates are strictly in advance. We have to pay for the other papers when the order is given, so must receive our money when order is given. There will be no deviation from this rule.

—Carrie Nation refuses to go 'way back. Once more she is before the public a victim of her favorite weapon. A firm of Eastern manufacturers sent her a large hatchet and while Carrie was triumphantly flourishing the same she dropped it and severed one of her big toes. Carrie might make quite a stake for herself by selling the toe to an enterprising museum managers.

—F. S. Blackman, editor and proprietor of the Port Allegany Argus, has purchased of Editor B. G. Bartle the Port Allegany Press plant—stock, good will and all. It has long been known that three papers could not live and prosper in that town and we are pleased to learn that Bro. Blackman has relieved the strain on all by purchasing the Press outfit. May success be his reward.

—Mrs. Bertha Klappenbach, formerly of this city, died at her home in Port Allegany, yesterday afternoon, of brain fever. The deceased was the wife of Valerian Klappenbach, who departed from Bradford some years ago and who has been in business at Smethport and Port Allegany. His wife was a most estimable lady, whose loss will be mourned by many friends. She is survived by her husband and six children. —Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Brain-Food Nonsense.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet however good your food may be, its nourishment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at H. C. Wells' drug sore. Get Green's special almanac.

Florida.

The first Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train February 4. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals enroute in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54; Elmira, $51.45; Erie, $54.85; Williamsport, $50; Wilkesbarre, $50.35; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Heavy sleds for wood or log hauling, three styles, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidental campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 150 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequaled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1 65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.00.

PERSONAL MENTION.

C. W. Sersall of Warren spent Sunday in town

F. D. Gallup had business in Bradford Saturday.

John Ellis of Sartwell was a visitor in town Tuesday.

J. B. Oviatt was a pleasant caller at this office to day.

A. F. Bannon, Jr., of Bradford had business in town Tuesday.

Reuben Dennis of Eldred was in attendance at court this week.

Chas. Carey of Eldred township was serving as a juryman this week.

Mrs B. G. Bartle of Port Allegany was a visitor in town this week.

R. C. Pickett of Warren was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Orlo J. Hamlin left yesterday afternoon for Buffalo on a business mission.

A. R. Anderson of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday.

J. L. Morris of Custer City had business at court this week and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Col. Gilbert of Redfield's Magazine force was over from Smethport yesterday, says Wednesday's Bradford Era.

John Walter of Port Allegany was renewing old acquaintances in town this week and incidentally serving on jury.

T. B. Hall and wife and Homer H. Hall and wife of Olean attended the funeral of Mrs. Henry Wright last Friday.

Mrs C. H. McManamon accompanied by her daughter, Martha, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. R. Dutton. Mr. McManamon spent Sunday in town.

Mr. T. H. Ryan, the efficient superintendent of the county poor farm, came over from Smethport yesterday and is greeting his many friends in town.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

Mrs. C. C. Sloan had as guests Monday and Tuesday Mrs. J. D. Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., Mrs. Henry Stoffels of Cleveland, N. Y., Mr. C. M. Smith of Portville, N. Y., Mrs. J. A. Pratt of Olean, N. Y.

For Sale.

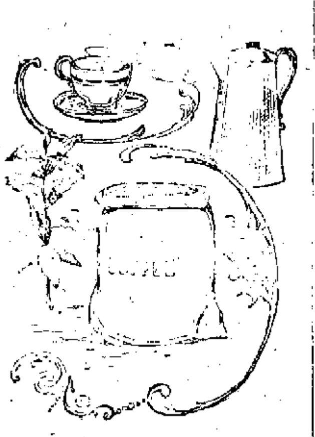
A cutter in first class condition, as good as new. Call on

G. E. RUMSEY,
Smethport, Pa.

Now is the time to buy your robes and blankets, and Lemmler's is the place to buy them.

Dog muzzles, all sizes at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

COFFEE.



Coffee is the Great American drink. Warmth, comfort, strenght, all come from it. There are as many different varieties as there are varieties of weather. And the unpleasant varieties equal the unpleasant kinds of weather. If you want the kind of Coffee that equals the sunshine of life, try our

Mandheling Java,
Old Government Java,
Arabian Mocha,
Savoy Blend Mocha & Java,
Fancy Rio, &c., &c.

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, February 11th, 1902 by Henry Hamlin, Ralph E. Burdick, Fred D. Gallup, Orlo J. Hamlin and John Forrest, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "SMETHPORT TRUST COMPANY," the character and object of which is the insuring of owners of real estate, mortgagees and others interested in real estate from loss by reason of defective titles, liens and incumbrances, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

BOUTON & GALLUP, Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 14th, 1902.-3t

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

FRY & HERZOG

MORE INVENTORY BARGAINS.

Everything that savors of Winter must go. We haven't the room or the inclination to "salt" left-overs away for another season. With three months of cold weather ahead these offerings must appeal to you as great opportunities for saving money.

FURS.
Clearing Prices.

Storm Collars $1.50
Had a ready sale at $2.00 and $2.25.
Storm Collars $3 50
Regular price, $5.25.
Storm Collars $500
Sold at $7.50 previous to this sale.
Cluster Scarfs $4 00
Excellent values at $6.50.
Long Scarfs $2 75
Regular price, $4.00.
Child's Angora Sets $1.50
Were $2.00 and $2.25.
Child's Tibet Sets $3.50
Were $5.00.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR
Going without reserve.

Camel Hair Stripe 55c
Mixed cotton and wool, were 75c.
Natural Gray 75c
About 85% wool, were $1.00
Camel's Hair 94c
All wool, were $1.25.
Mercerized Worsted $1.00
"Suits Cande," were $1.35.
Camel's Hair $1.12½
All wool, were $1.50.

KNIT LEGGINGS.

Ladies, Blk, 50c grade, - 38c
Childs, " 35c " - 25c

FRY & HERZOG.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport, Pa. ❧ McKean County.

LUMBER SASH DOORS
LIME CEMENTS BRICK
HARDWARE STOVES TINWARE
IRON CHAIN HORSESHOES

Jobbers in Blacksmith Supplies of all Kinds.

Heavy Wagons & Sleds.

General Blacksmithing.

Agents for "NEVERSLIP" CALKS and HELLER'S BLACKSMITH TOOLS.

KNOX & KNOX
New Shoe Store.

Everything in the Shoe and Rubber Line for Man, Woman or Child.

A FEW SPECIALS:

Ladies' Shoes.		Men's Shoes.	
Ladies' Calf and Vici Kid Shoes, heavy or light soles, for every-day or dress. All styles	$2 00 to $3 00	Men's Box Calf or Enamel Shoes, all styles, heavy or light soles.	$2.50 to $3 50
Ladies' Fancy Slippers, all styles	$1 to $2	Men's Warranted Patent Leather Shoes - - -	$3 50
Misses' Box Calf or Kid Shoes, all styles - - -	$1 to $2	Men's Heavy Shoes, all styles	$1 to $3
		Men's Never Rip Shoes, Grain	$2
		Boys' Shoes, all solid.	$1 and up

RUBBERS.

All new stock; all new styles; to fit all styles of shoes. Best makes—Goodyear, Boston, Woonsockets, Mishauaka, Ball Brand and Lambertville Snag Proof.

Men's Woonsocket Rubber Boots, all sizes, - -	$2.50	Men's Snag Proof Rubbers -	75c
Men's Snag Proof Rubber Boots - - -	$3 and $3.50	GOODYEAR GLOVE.	
Men's Coon Tail Felts and Overs - - - -	$3.00	Men's Heavy Rubbers - -	50c
Men's Felts and Overs -	$1.75	Children's Rubbers - -	25c
		Ladies' Goodyear, all styles -	50c
		Ladies' Medium Cut Rubbers -	35c

Large Stock to Select from.

BRADFORD, KNOX & KNOX, 56 MAIN ST.,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

The Big Double Clothing Store

With the small prices

IKE SIMONS

46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

The Big Double Clothing Store.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

... By ...
Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1902, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"I DON'T mind just plain, ordinary stinginess," Miss Marticia said. "I never saw the good of it, but it may sometimes be worth while. What I hate is little, mean stinginess, like Lucindy-Tom Warfield's. I do believe that woman would try to rise from the dead if she remembered in her coffin that she had paid for half a cent's worth of something she hadn't got."

Marcia, a softened copy of Miss Marticia, even to the name, flushed and turned away her head. Miss Marticia ran on:

"I saw her do the meanest little thing and the littlest mean thing. She hired old Black Ben one spring to make a garden for her. You know, he works for 50 cents a day and found. He got done about 4 o'clock, and Lucindy-Tom made him take up her beans and plant 'em over again three times just to make out the full day's work. She pretended to believe he had put 'em first two deep and afterward too shallow. I felt real sorry for the poor old fellow"—

"I dare say you gave him something extra," Marcia interrupted, smiling faintly. Miss Marticia nodded. "I had to," she said. "I couldn't let him think all white folks were so mean. About Lucindy-Tom, though. Strikes me the reason she never misses a Sunday at church is she thinks she's paid for part of all the sermons and 'twould be wicked waste not to go and hear 'em."

"Aunty Marfy! Aunty Marfy! You are wicked and uncharitable," Marcia said, then coaxingly: "Let's talk about parties. I can hardly think of anything else since my beautiful dress and my new white slippers came. They are just what I wanted, oh, so badly, but did not ask for because I doubted if we could afford them."

"I say people can afford whatever they've got the money to pay for without leaving anybody else unpaid," Miss Marticia said. "My father said so too. I had just a fitting out for my first big party. The dollar never went in his pocket that was too big to be spent for anything he wanted or I wanted. He believed, as I believe, in putting his money in the bank of happiness. Lucindy-Tom thinks she has got [illegible] to my nothing, but I wouldn't swap with her any day in the year."

"Never mind about her," Marcia coaxed. Miss Marticia wheeled and caught her niece by the shoulders.

"I [illegible]," she said. "[illegible] John Warfield, her nephew, [illegible] ask me if he might have you."

"I [illegible]," Marcia said [illegible].

"[illegible]," Miss Marticia said. "Sorry [illegible] he's [illegible] when [illegible] come [illegible] may [illegible] as his Aunt Lucindy-Tom. You're all I've got in the world. I won't ever agree to your marrying where you might come to be grudged everything, even the air you breathed."

"I don't want to marry Miss Lucindy-Tom," Marcia said, pouting. Her aunt laughed grimly. "Anybody that did would be a curiosity," she said. Marcia pretended to pout more than ever, though a smile hovered in her eyes. She dropped them and half turned away as she said:

"I don't see what we are to do, Aunt Marfy. We thought you would be our friend and let us live with you. Miss Lucindy-Tom swears John shall never take me there."

It was her trump card. John and herself had agreed merrily that all which was needed to overcome inevitable opposition was to let each of the aunts know that the other opposed their marriage. The two spinsters had been on terms of intimate enmity for at least fifteen years. Their houses faced each other, standing each about 100 yards back from a broad beaten country road. The road was the boundary between the two farms, which stretched in flat fertile reaches beyond and behind the houses. Originally the houses had been nearly alike—white, with green blinds, small front porches and tall red outside chimneys.

That was in the days of the fathers. The daughters had expressed differences in temperament largely by means of paint. Now the Warfield house was a violent yellowish drab with vermilion trimmings, the Ewing house slate blue, picked out on cornices and window facings with deep buff. The Warfield chimneys remained intact, though smoke rarely came from more than one of them. The Ewing house boasted a furnace and had bow windows in most of the old chimney spaces. Miss Marticia had flowers in them all winter long—flowers which she gave away with an open hand, although she might have sold them for good money in town. The giving was Ewing all over. It fretted Miss Lucindy-Tom beyond measure. She was almost tempted to pull down her chimneys, be comfortable and raise flowers, too, but the shame of an open imitation was too great.

Still there had been constant passing back and forth. Each housemistress felt that she could not afford to remain ignorant of what the other was doing. They had run in upon each other at all hours and twice in each year had formally entertained each other—once at dinner, once at tea. Outsiders bidden to these feasts said that Miss Warfield gave you good, ordinary victuals on the finest sort of china, Miss Ewing things that were simply ravishing in good, plain, everyday ware. She had china, of course, but she never made a parade of it and least of all before Miss Lucindy-Tom.

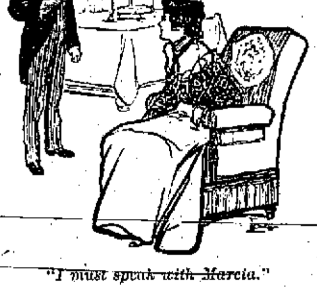
Miss Lucindy-Tom had been forbidding from her youth upward, so much so that in spite of being also handsome and well dowered no man had ever summoned up the courage requisite to court her. It was just the other way with Miss Marticia. She was single solely because she had not been able to make up her mind and heart among twenty beaux, the best the county afforded. Somehow none of them had quite measured up to her father, the standard in her mind of all things masculine, but she had dealt with them so kindly they were all still her friends—her lovers even in a friendly, open fashion, although they had wives and children of their own.

So far she regretted sending none of them about his business. She had the farm; she had her sweet supremacy. Most of all, she had Marcia. Marcia had come to her a child in arms, orphaned by the fever plague which had desolated the city in which Robert Ewing had made a home and had hoped to make a name. He had always hated farming, so his father had given him money in hand, leaving to Marticia the land. The money was somehow pretty well swallowed up, but Marcia had never known the feeling of dependence. She was so entirely first in Miss Marticia's heart it was perfectly natural she should be first in everything else.

It was that, perhaps, which first inclined her heart to John Warfield. Miss Lucindy-Tom reminded him about once a day that needs must be save to thrive, since he had nothing of his own and could look for nothing beyond what she could give him, and that was precious little. In the face of that she gave him everything [illegible] could wish save and except liberty to enjoy the gifts. He had, for example, the finest watch in the county, but it stayed safely locked in a bureau drawer, and he carried about a wheezy open faced silver affair he was ashamed to look at in company.

It was the same with his gun, his clothes, his saddle and bridle, even his books. Miss Lucindy-Tom had provided a fine case for them. If by chance he laid one down for a minute outside it she darted at the offending volume and whisked it in place, giving that he could be so careless. It was even worse if he thrust the book in [illegible], upside down or the least bit askew. What Miss Lucindy-Tom hated the very worst of all was to see things which had cost money abused. Patching and darning were her [illegible] joys, if [illegible]. There was [illegible] of truth in Miss Marticia's saying that Lucindy-Tom Warfield [illegible] at least six years [illegible].

Not [illegible] she [illegible] her nephew [illegible] before and [illegible] passions [illegible] only [illegible] such as [illegible] she had [illegible] her brother [illegible]. It had been a distinct relief [illegible] when he chose to live away from the old home. His wife had been pretty and extravagant, an offense outright to Miss Lucindy-Tom's economic instincts. Then when her baby came the needs must call it John, when every Warfield for 100 years had had Thomas somewhere in his name. Miss Lucindy-Tom said things when the boy, aged two, was sent to her keeping. Business was taking his father abroad, and his mother would not let slip so fine an opportunity for travel.


"I must speak with Marcia."

John was a pretty fellow, bold with the boldness bred of knowing only love. In the teeth of her rebellion against him he crept close into the heart of "Tanty Tom." She gave him up with a mighty wrenching of her tenderest affections, and when he came back to her five years later orphaned she felt that even an erratic Providence is sometimes just. She loved him indeed better than herself. He came next to her accumulations. They were to her the central fact of life.

She bore him one grudge, but was just enough to feel that it was based on something wholly apart from his control. He could not have been born a girl even if he had chosen. But if only he had been so born then Miss Lucindy-Tom would have had the supreme satisfaction of showing that foolish Marticia Ewing how a girl ought to be raised. John was five years older than Marcia. Hence they became fixtures in their respective homesteads at nearly the same time. The difference in age made them companionable. John was big enough to be shy of girls as big, but this tiny thing in the white frocks, with hair like spun sunshine, who clung confidingly to his finger and could barely lisp his name, was nearly as good fun as the puppy he sighed for, but was forbidden to keep, and even better than the big dolls he saw in the shop windows and coveted in spite of being a boy.

Marcia had remained a sort of glorified doll to him until she became suddenly and mysteriously a woman—the one woman in all the world. It took him six months to muster courage to tell her so. Throughout them he had been outwardly quite the same. Even at the last there was no approach to sentiment. He had said, "Marcia, I shall have to marry you to keep you out of mischief." Marcia had laughed back at him: "Well, say nothing about it yet. If you do, Tanty Tom will lock you up for a lunatic. She knows I have not a penny to my name."

They had come to an agreement, notwithstanding. They meant to wait a year before speaking out, until Marcia should be nineteen and quite old enough to marry. But when man proposes to the wrong woman—wrong in the eyes of his pastors and masters—fate commonly disposes to bring on an early crisis. Fate's instrument in this case was Miss Sarah Ashbel. She came visiting Tanty Tom and saw and conquered that good woman.

Sarah was stout and black eyed and ruddy, comfortably rich withal, to say nothing of expectations from a bachelor uncle. Once more Miss Lucindy-Tom felt distinctly grateful to Providence. Here was the wife John needed, brought ready to his hand. He would not have to stir to do his courting. Sarah was to stay a month. In the course of it there was opportunity for the most decorously ardent wooing. Throughout a fortnight Miss Lucindy-Tom waited hopefully for the wooing to begin. Then she took the bit in her teeth.

"John is so desperately shy, I shall have to speak to you for him, Sarah," she said one morning at the breakfast table, beaming upon the pair. Sarah blushed and bridled, but smiled amiably. John got fiery red, but since he was a gentleman tried to save the situation.

"That is mighty kind of you, Tanty," he said as airily as he could. "I didn't think you knew, but I see there is no use trying to fool you. I am so glad to have Miss Sarah the very first to congratulate me on my engagement. She has seen Marcia—she knows how lucky I am."

"Marcia!"

Tanty Tom almost shrieked the name. John nodded and murmured:

"It is a little unlucky, our fancying each other. Miss Marticia [illegible] to object."

"Is she?" Tanty Tom interrupted grimly. "Wait and see. Marticia Ewing never did a sensible thing in her life. It is most too late now for her to begin."

John waited [illegible] to hear. In an hour [illegible] asked Miss Marticia plumply [illegible]. She had looked at [illegible] he had believed [illegible] could look, and said:

"I must [illegible] with Marcia, and I shan't [illegible] that [illegible] I think over everything."

[illegible] had [illegible] right to things [illegible] was [illegible] nothing [illegible] Marcia's happiness. [illegible] deeply in love. She [illegible] to John for that. She [illegible] young, too, and other beaux [illegible] she might take her pick [illegible]. [illegible] would [illegible] self [illegible] Warfield. Of course [illegible] leaving his aunt. Equally of course Miss Marticia would not think of letting Marcia be subject to Miss Lucindy-Tom's restrictions.

She had led up to the subject with artless art as she sat by her snug fireside toward 11 o'clock in the morning. Logs still burned in the sitting room, the furnace to the contrary notwithstanding. What with the fire, the thick carpets, the easy, well worn chairs, the flowers in the sunny south looking windows, the room was a cheery place, a fit exponent of its cheery mistress. She glanced about it and sat up very straight as she answered Marcia:

"Go there indeed! I should think not! But that ought to settle the matter for good and all. Ewing is a better name than Warfield anywhere you speak it. If you have any pride in your blood, any love for me, you'll tell John Warfield you will marry into no family where you are not only welcome, but felt to do it credit."

"I can't do that, aunty," Marcia said, growing pale. "You—you have brought me up always to speak the truth, and I am going to marry John as soon as you will let me."

"Then you'll wait forever," Miss Marticia said, her eyes snapping. "I am ashamed of you, I am. It almost makes me hate my own blood, and I have been so proud of it always. John Warfield too good for you, indeed! I'm going right over there and tell Lucindy-Tom what I think of such impertinence!"

She flung out of the house in spite of Marcia's pleadings and marched down the lawn with her nose in the air. At the gate she stopped short. Miss Lucindy-Tom was just outside her gate and evidently bound for the Ewing house, since she was on foot and it was the only dwelling within walking range.

"H-m-m! Coming to see me?" Miss Lucindy-Tom called, making as though she would re-enter her own portal.

"Yes. But you were coming to see me. Come on," Miss Marticia said, flinging wide open her gate and motioning the other woman to cross the road.

"No. We had better say our say here. The big road belongs to everybody," Miss Lucindy-Tom said grimly.

"I'm not hunting a quarrel," Miss Marticia said, her nose higher than ever.

"Nor I," said Miss Lucindy-Tom, with a sniff. "I just want to tell you my nephew John"—

"And I just want to tell you my niece Marcia"— Miss Marticia broke in—

—"has got just two hundred dollars to his name, and that's Christmas and birthday money I made him save," Miss Lucindy-Tom went on. "I came to say, too, he never will have another penny of mine if he throws himself away on that doll baby you've been dressing up for him all these years."

—"won't be allowed to throw herself away on a Warfield," Miss Marticia spluttered on. "She can marry whom she pleases or not marry if she pleases. She'll have all that is mine. It ain't so very much, but enough to keep her a lady as long as she lives."

"Oh, that's the way you take young men in—let 'em know they can just hang up their hats and be at home," Miss Lucindy-Tom said with withering scorn. Miss Marticia shook her head.

"We've no need to do it," she said. "Every beau Marcia ever had but 'one'"—double emphasis on the word—"had his own home, as good a home as hers. Jack Richards said if I'd persuade her to take him he'd sell out his farm and buy yours, so I shouldn't be separated from my girl."

"You didn't agree because you thought John would have the place and all my money besides," Miss Lucindy-Tom said, with a sneering laugh.

"Marcia shouldn't have him if he was made of gold and strung all over with diamonds," Miss Marticia almost shrieked. Marcia, just back of her, broke into a tearful laugh.

"No, I wouldn't take him that way, aunty!" she said. "I should not care to have a husband who had to be melted down before he was any good."

She was tugging gently at her aunt's sleeve. John was rushing down the Warfield lawn. She wanted to end this unseemly altercation before he came up. The combatants had drawn nearer, nearer, until now they stood glaring into each other's eyes. Slowly Miss Lucindy-Tom raised on high her clinched right hand.

"Oh, but it is hard!" she said. "If only I didn't feel myself a Christian and a lady I'd tell you what I think of you and your traps, Marticia Ewing. What hurts is to think a Warfield—any Warfield—can be such a fool as not to see right through 'em"—

"Come home, Aunt Lucinda," John said masterfully, laying his hand on her shoulder to turn her about. Still holding her, he stepped in front of Miss Marticia and said around her to Marcia, "I am sorry, so sorry, that these two who have been more than mothers to us have quarreled, but it must not make any difference with us."

"No, it must not," Marcia answered. Miss Marticia snatched her in a strangling grip and hurried her through the gate. As a stay behind them she turned and shook her fist. Miss Lucindy-Tom, turning likewise at almost the same instant, shook hers with equal vigor.

* * * * * * *

It was certainly a very pretty quarrel. Half the county took sides in it, much the larger number espousing the side of the lovers. There was lively speculation as to how it would all end. Warfield tenacity was a proverb, and Miss Lucindy-Tom was a Warfield of Warfields. Against that Ewing blood was hot and heady. Though Miss Marticia had been always so mild, the slight to her pride made her ready to live up to the fullest measure to her name.

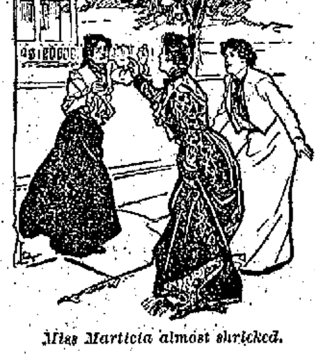
Her obstinacy was really rooted in love—love for Marcia. It set her will to [illegible] object to her girl, the very darling of her heart. She tried to make up to the girl for such slighting with all manner of indulgences. Marcia was not the sort to peak and pine, not even sulk. She [illegible] John [illegible] Marty [illegible].

So Marcia [illegible]. She [illegible] asked Miss Lucindy-Tom [illegible] it in doors to [illegible].

"Much that girl cares about you," [illegible] "[illegible] at her! She is [illegible] there everywhere laughing and dancing all the while."

"That shows she is a wise little girl," John said loyally, but deep down his heart was sore. He was not very happy. Sarah Ashbel was still in the house, and Tanty Tom nagged him perpetually about Marcia. The worst part was he could not leave her. She had engaged him formally as manager the day he was free, and the contract had still a year to run. Under it he was to receive a certain proportional share of farm profits for the full term, meantime charging himself with all the purely personal expenses. If he held out, he would have something; just how much he did not know. If he broke the agreement, he forfeited everything.

Hence he worked and waited with what patience he could muster. He went about but little. It cost something to go about after the manner of a gentleman, and he was set on saving. He did not in the least grudge Marcia her pleasure, but it would have comforted him if upon their rare meetings he had seen even a shade of sadness in her eyes. They spoke to each other, not privily, but in open, friendly fashion. The two aunts made a point of never seeing each other at such times as chance threw them in each other's way.


Miss Marticia almost shrieked.

They had quarreled in November. In February afterward the Grabels gave their big party. Marcia had a gorgeous new frock for it. Gossip reported the frock to Miss Lucindy-Tom so glowingly she determined to see it eclipsed and that Sarah Ashbel should eclipse it. Miss Warfield could spend upon sufficient occasion. This was, she felt, sufficient occasion. As a result when the day of the party came Miss Ashbel was prepared to discount Solomon in all his glory.

Tanty Tom had not been to a party in years, but she was bent on going to this one, even though it was ten miles off and the roads simply fearful. She said nothing of her plan to John. He was going, she knew. She wanted the contrast between Sarah and Marcia to come to him with the force of a shock. Sarah was certainly stunning, with her dark head and beautiful white shoulders rising up above clouds of filmy spangled scarlet stuff, caught in place with diamond stars.

They went in the buggy, Miss Lucindy-Tom driving. "I wouldn't risk it unless I did drive," she said. "Why, there is no bottom to the roads after these two warm days." Sarah was something upset. She had expected to go in the family carriage, with driver and footman and John on horseback riding beside. She did not know the strength of Miss Lucindy-Tom's principles. The carriage could not have gone by her consent even to her own funeral unless the weather had been fair and the roads fine.

For reasons purely financial the Ewings had no carriage. Miss Marticia had been content with a buggy ever since her father's carriage wore out. Marcia had a pacing horse and a handsome saddle, but most times she went abroad sitting at Miss Marticia's elbow. So it fell out that just as Miss Lucindy-Tom drove off, sitting very upright and tickling the horse with her whip, Miss Marticia clambered into her own vehicle, settled Marcia snugly under the robes and took up her reins with an air of indecision.

"Which way would you go, Marcia?" she asked—"straight or round by the turnpike?"

"Straight. It's three miles the shortest way, and we would only have a little piece of pike," Marcia said.

"Still I believe I'll try it," Miss Marticia said, clucking to her horse. "Merry-Tom does hate mud, and so do I."

Thus it happened that two vehicles bound for the same place set out for it in almost opposite directions. Neither went by the front way. Miss Lucindy-Tom headed for Griggs' lane, which ran along the south side of her farm and was reasonably dry. It also ran beside the Ewing farm, a little beyond which it merged into a mill road, rocky and rutted, but still passable. At the mouth of the lane, back of the Warfield farm, was the turnpike. Miss Lucindy-Tom would unhesitatingly have chosen that route only that she knew she would have to pay at two tollgates for traveling very little more than five miles.

The lane was narrow, but vehicles could pass in it unless they met at the big mudhole. There the fences were not closer than elsewhere, but it was the footing of which you had to beware. The mudhole stretched from fence to fence. It was soft and semifluid on top, but got thicker and stickier the deeper you went down in it. So long as it was not more than knee deep riders and drivers struggled through. When it got over hubs and up to saddle skirts something had to be done. The Griggs boys and their neighbors did not bother with road commissioners. Instead they went to work and built a stout bridge.

It was amply wide [illegible] one set of wheels [illegible] by [illegible] possibility [illegible]. Nobody [illegible] longer than half a minute, and nobody could possibly be so foolish as to refuse to wait.

When the unexpected happened there was partly some excuse for Miss Marticia. She was driving southwesterly, with the sun at 4 o'clock full in her eyes. It blinded her to the nearness of the approaching vehicle. She thought she had a clear right of passage and drove Merry-Tom boldly upon the stout timbers. Her heart gave a startled leap as she saw the other horse come on and recognized it as Miss Warfield's Blixen.

Merry-Tom and Blixen rubbed noses amicably when they met in the very middle of the bridge. For a long time nobody said a word. Miss Lucindy-Tom glared at Miss Marticia; Miss Marticia glared back unwinking. Sarah and Marcia studied each other covertly. They had met more than once before the break, but then there was no need for appraisal of rival charms.

"Sarah, I do wonder how long we will have to wait before those—ahem—persons find out it is their place to back and let us get by?" Miss Lucindy-Tom said at last. Marcia giggled softly. The humor of the situation overcame her. She knew well Miss Marticia would spend the night where she was rather than give in.

"I'm glad it's warm—but a warm February day is a weather breeder," Miss Marticia said to Marcia. "Shouldn't be surprised if it was snowing hard by morning. I do wonder what makes some people so hateful! That buggy yonder is on the down side—it would go back of itself if only the driver hadn't blocked the wheels."

"Oh, do please let them pass!" Marcia entreated half an hour later. "Don't put yourself on their level, Aunt Marfy! It—it—is not nice to be standing here. I feel perfectly idiotic."

"I won't back my horse! That's flat," Miss Marticia said loudly. Under her breath she added, "I'll show Lucindy-Tom Warfield there is somebody in this world she can't run over if I die for it."

"Sarah, I wish you'd sing something," Miss Lucindy-Tom said. "I"—

"It's lucky Merry-Tom never was afraid of noise," Miss Marticia said to the universe.

"Oh, do go back—or—else drive on through. The mud does not look so very deep," Sarah entreated in a tearful whisper. Miss Lucindy-Tom sniffed audibly. "That shows how much you know," she said. "It's over the hubs. Even if we didn't get stuck it would be certain to run in the buggy box and ruin your new dress."

"I don't care! You must go on! I wish I was dead! I shall die unless you take me home!" Sarah protested, still tearful. Miss Lucindy-Tom struck up a hymn and sang loudly through three lines of it. Suddenly she checked herself. She heard somebody coming rapidly up behind.

"Why, what is wrong?" John began, checking his horse at the end of the bridge. Then he whistled softly. A glance across had told him the whole story. "This will never do, Tanty. You must turn and go by the pike. You'll never get through this way," he said. "Lucky I overtook you. I should hate to think of you mired five miles from home and not a soul to help."

"I won't turn back, and I will go on," Miss Lucindy-Tom said distinctly. "If you are a man and kin to me, ride across and make those other people get out of my way."

John pleaded and entreated. It was all in vain. He saw and heard that Marcia was likewise trying to bring her aunt to reason, with like ill success. At last he turned desperately to Sarah. "Can't you say something to end this?" he asked. Instantly Miss Lucindy-Tom took the word from Sarah's mouth. "Yes, if she'll say, 'John Warfield, I'll marry you,' I'll do whatever you may say, go back or forward or sideways," she cried. "And she will say it if only you give her the chance. Try it right now. You'll find out mighty quick."

"This is lunacy, the worst sort," John groaned. Then he set his teeth grimly and dashed into the mud. In a minute he was beside Marcia, saying eagerly to her aunt, "Miss Marticia—Aunt Marfy—do give way just this once!"

"I won't," Miss Marticia said, her mouth setting in a hard line. Marcia stood up and freed herself from the robes.

"Then I beg you, John, at least to take me out," she said. "I am not afraid to risk it behind you. Bashaw, I know, will not mind my weight."

"Come," said John, holding out his hand. Marcia caught it, set her foot upon the near stirrup and swung herself upon Bashaw's back. John clucked softly and shook his reins loose as he felt her arms go around him. Bashaw understood. He went straining through the mud, though it came almost to his belly, and the suck each step made as his feet came out was like the noise of a pistol. Once he faltered. John thought he would fall, but the gallant big brown recovered himself and floundered on to firm land. As he stood there panting and trembling John waved his hand to the rest.

"We are going on to the party," he said. "You can come at your leisure or stay at your pleasure."

Marcia Ewing did not reach the Grabels' party. Instead of her there came Mrs. John Warfield. John had ridden straight to the minister's house. He had heard that day in town of a very handsome legacy left him by his mother's uncle. The first thing he did after hearing it was to go and take out a marriage license. Miss Marticia, Miss Lucindy-Tom and Sarah Ashbel, strange to relate, all got to the party a little later. Just how affairs finally arranged themselves only those three ever knew, and none of them would tell. Marcia put on a fine gown, which was quite white and bridelike, and smiled contentedly over Sarah's eclipsing scarlet. Miss Marticia came round at once and told John plainly he had done the right thing even before she heard a word of the fortune. Miss Lucindy-Tom held out until she found that holding out made no sort of difference to anybody but herself. Then she decided to forgive the Ewings, each and several, all the wrongs she had ever done them. But as long as she lives she will hold a grievance against Sarah Ashbel. If Sarah had not been so fat and stupid, she asserts, the whole story would have had a different ending.

People Who Did Not Kill.

The inhabitants of the Canary islands, the Guanches, were, it is supposed, but the mountain shepherds of a submerged world. Though so strong physically, the Guanches were nevertheless a very gentle race. They rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sheep in the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands.

To kill an animal degraded a man. The butcher was a reprieved criminal and outcast and lived apart, he and his assistants being supported by the state. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these giants that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not even a goat. Their standard of morality was high. Robbery was almost unknown among them.

Maternal Love of the Whale.

No other member of the animal kingdom displays more maternal affection than the whale, especially if its calf is harpooned. The harpooner never throws his harpoon into the little one with the the intention of killing it, for if this is done the mother will instantly forsake it. If alive and struggling, however, the dam can be easily enticed toward the boat to meet its fate. Knowing this, the whale fishermen always strike a calf if possible and thus often make captures that could not be effected under other circumstances.

As soon as the dam becomes aware of the snaring of her young she rushes toward it, encourages it to swim away and even assists it by taking it under her fin. She seems to lose all regard for her own safety and boldly attacks the boat containing the whalemen or circles about it totally regardless of the harpoons that are hurled at her and enter her flesh.

Pranks of Nature.

A shower of a remarkable character occurred in Sicily on April 24, 1781. On the morning of that day every exposed place within an extensive district was found covered with a gray water which, being evaporated, left a deposit nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. It was determined that this solid matter must have come from Mount Etna. It is certain that vast quantities of solid substances are constantly afloat in the atmosphere. The sunsets all over the world are redder to this day on account of the dust from the mighty eruption in the strait of Sunda years ago, which has not yet entirely settled.

The best way to make a man acknowledge the corn is to stamp on his toe.—Philadelphia Record.

THE PASSING OF MR. and MRS. JOSEPH BRUDER

By Henry Irving Dodge.

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"Big Four" pulled into Beaver Meadows on the Rome Watertown division and Joseph Bruder and his wife got down from the passenger coach that was trailing behind six "flats" of ties. Bruder was six feet four and broad and his wife was five feet and narrow. Bruder carried a huge valise that cost a dollar and had done service also an ax. Mrs. Bruder wore a faint and a plaintive, pippity smile. In her eyes there was a standing apology for the disparity in their sizes. This seemed to be a sore point with the little woman, for she was ever on the alert for the quizzing glances of strangers, and if one should stand apart and glance at the odd couple he was sure to have his gaze arrested by a plaintive glance from the woman which said as plainly as speech, "Please don't make fun of us."

But the man never bothered his head about what other folks thought. He was a woodchopper, and that's all he knew or cared. Next to his wife he loved his ax, and it used to be his pride that he could put a keen enough edge on it to shave with. He used to lay his cheek fondly against the purple blade and pat it and call it his darling. And the ax seemed to understand him, for it would bark with quick delight when his giant arms swung it aloft and bite the maple and bury its nose to the point where the tempered steel joined the softer stuff.

When Bruder got off the train, he looked around in a sort of inquisitive, defiant way and put his hand clumsily around his wife and drew her shoulder over against his thigh. There was no one at the depot but the agent, a veteran in the business, the tenure of whose position was due to five toes that he had years before contributed to the annual list of accidents on the road. Smith had heard that Bruder was coming to take the place of one of the striking woodchoppers, and it filled him with grave concern. Almost all of his relatives belonged to the strikers, and his sympathies were deeply with them. On the other hand, it fell to his lot to show ostentatious loyalty to the company. Beaver Meadows was the chief "woodin' up" point of the road. For miles the contiguous country yielded nothing from its stubborn soil save stunted trees and knotted people.

The president of the company that supplied the railroad with wood was Smith's backer. A nod from him would have dislodged that worthy from the comfortable niche that afforded him a comfortable living. So Smith was between the devil and the deep sea. His heart was with the strikers, his interest with the company. That's why his usually placid mind was filled with perturbation when he beheld the burly [illegible] Joseph Bruder and the diminutive wife alight from the caboose of Big Four.

Bruder looked about as big as his wife's [illegible] or brute. Mrs. Bruder was the [illegible] of the [illegible]. She [illegible] Joseph [illegible] otherwise he was a [illegible] the whole, this strange couple was decided [illegible] to be avoided. No one ever knew where they came from. On that score Bruder himself was silent, with a persistency that defied all the subtle influences of bucolic diplomacy. Rumor said he was an ex-convict, and as chapter and verse of his past were not forthcoming this comfortable theory crystallized into a very good counterfeit of fact.

When the woodchoppers learned that Joe Bruder was coming to take Cy Selden's job, they knew there would be trouble, for they were a determined lot. There was an understanding, however, a sort of feeling, although no words had been spoken, that somehow Smith would settle matters, and so it was determined that no one from among the strikers should meet Bruder at the depot and attempt by moral or muscular force to turn him back.

Smith knew what was expected of him by his friends and relatives; he also knew that the suspicious eyes of the president were upon him, and hence the delicacy of his position. He hated being "double faced," but he had a very comfortable niche indeed, and times were exceedingly hard in those parts. He reflected with considerable disgust that it was quite unjust that he, who had no personal interest in the matter, should be the one upon whose shoulders the task of adjusting the affair should be thrust.

That explains why Smith was perturbed upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder. It also explains why he alone was at the depot to meet the distinguished pair. It is an axiom that good luck always comes to the lazy. Smith was a lazy man, which accounts for the piece of good luck which came to him on the morning of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bruder.

Bab Armstrong's two-year-old baby boy had died of cholera morbus a few days before, and the sorrowing parents, who were farmers, had put the little creature in a simple pine box and were sending him down the road to be buried in the Armstrong family burying ground at West Camden. The tiny morsel of humanity was at that moment resting in the freightroom of the Beaver Meadows depot.

As Smith limped down the platform toward Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder he looked through the open door of the freightroom and got his inspiration. Then he accosted Bruder.

"Waitin' for Harris' team, ain't yer?"

Bruder looked at his wife, and she said, "Yes."

"Goin' ter work on the job, ain't yer?"

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said, "Yes."

"Well, I'm right glad ter see yer," said the unconscionable diplomat effusively. "I tell yer, we've been havin' great goin's on aroun' here."

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said "Yes" softly and pressed a little closer under the shelter of his mighty thigh.

"Between you and me," continued the wily Smith, "these woodchoppers—I mean the Beaver Meadow fellers," he hastened to explain as a slight contraction of Bruder's forehead warned him that any slur upon the craft would not be welcome—"don't know when they're well off."

He paused, and Bruder looked at his wife, but she remained silent.

"Of course I ain't got nothin' against these men here, and it may not sound well comin' from me, me bein' in the employ of this corporation, as ain't supposed ter show no partiality, but seems ter me these men is a little unreasonable. Yer see," he went on as neither Bruder nor his wife spoke, "times have been pretty hard around here, with crops failin' and a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, and I think these men ought to been glad to get steady employment. Of course they're really in the power of the company, cos they ain't got no money, and the officers knows it, and so they cuts down their wages. Now, some of 'em finds out that the log fellers is makin' dead loads of money, and so they makes a big kick and goes on strike. So the company just shuts down, and I heard the superintendent say as that 'ere was goin' to start a process of starvation. Of course I don't want that to go no further."

"Did the company treat the men fair?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Of course it did," said Smith quickly. "Ain't they got a right to pay their money out any way they like? Couldn't these men pick up and leave if they didn't like it?"

"Most of these men has their own homes, hasn't they?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Yes, they has," said Smith, "but if they keeps on this way they won't have no one left in their homes." Then he added as he walked toward the office: "Ye'd better come in and sit down. Harris' team may not be here for an hour yet. They generally comes ter meet the down train. 'Big Four' is waitin' here for it ter pass."

He adroitly halted the couple in front of the open door of the freightroom, and instantly the maternal eye of Mrs. Bruder caught the little coffin.

"Whose is that?" she asked.

"That's Cy Selden's baby," said Smith, lying heroically.

Mrs. Bruder looked at her husband, then back to Smith. "What ailed it?" she asked. "Cholera morbus?"

Smith drew closer and lowered his voice a bit. "That's what they give out," he said, "but between you and me it didn't have enough ter eat."

Just then Smith found sudden business in the ticket office, where he remained until he heard the booming of the down train, when he went out on to the platform to pass up the reports. He lingered for a moment and watched "Big Four" pull out from the siding, then he looked all around. There was no one in sight.

"How'd yer do it, Bill?" asked Jake Lately that night, while a half dozen strikers smoked and listened.

"I didn't do nothin', an' I don't know nothin'," snapped Smith. "They come, seen the [illegible] and they [illegible]." And the [illegible] good [illegible] darkness. "Strange [illegible] to know those folks years ago. Didn't know it till today. They was a good deal younger then—just married, I guess. They was pretty poor, had a little baby that died—I don't know, but folks aroun' there said the little thing died—cos it didn't get enough ter eat."

It Was a Dream.

When a certain divine was a younger man and chaplain at the University of Pennsylvania, like other ministers who filled that position he was much troubled over the apparent lack of attention from the students during the morning exercises in the chapel.

The exercises hardly ever continued for more than fifteen minutes. Some of the students were in the habit of taking their books into the chapel and studying there during the services to make up for their tardiness of the night before in not preparing their lessons.

The young chaplain was desirous of breaking up the habit, so one morning preceding his customary five minutes' address he spoke as follows:

"Young gentlemen, last night I dreamed I was here in the chapel addressing you. And as I spoke I saw every eye fixed upon me, every man attentive, while in all the chapel there was not a book opened, and then I knew it was a dream."

German Scotch.

"A good story comes from Sydney," says the London Globe, "where letters have been received from two American business firms asking whether communications to Australian merchants should be written in English or 'in the language of the country.'

"It recalls an astonishing trade circular received a short time ago by a business firm in Glasgow from a German manufacturer, also written in what his versatile clerk had apparently taken for the language of the country. It was in the best 'kailyard' style and spoke of a 'muckle consignment o' chemicals.'"

Accidental Discharge of a Pun.

A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Table Talk:"

"A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the customs of Edinburgh for circulating some false rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the customs book at the time, 'A. Gun discharged for making a false report.'"

Realistic.

Mamma—For goodness' sake, Elsie, why are you shouting in that disgraceful fashion? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?

Elsie—He has to be quiet the way we're playing. He's papa comin' home ate [illegible]

ORIGINAL JUDGE LYNCH.

He Was a Brave and Useful Member of Our Early Society.

Tradition sometimes plays strange pranks with dead men's reputations. It would make an interesting half hour for the eavesdropper beyond the Styx if he could hear the exchange of amenities between Duns Scotus and Judge Lynch, the one a shrewd, clear reasoner, whose name now signifies a fool; the other a simple Quaker gentleman, whose name has come to stand for organized savagery.

Charles Lynch was a man whose services to his country as a brave pioneer and righteous judge, as a soldier and a statesman, are by no means deserving of oblivion, still less of obloquy. It seems indeed one of the iniquities of fate that his name should now be universally applied to proceedings that no one would condemn more heartily than he. The records of the court of Bedford county, in Virginia, and those of various Quaker meetings, the journals of the Virginia house of burgesses and of the first constitutional convention, taken together with family documents and traditions, show him to have been an upright and useful member of society and a wise and energetic leader at the most important crisis of American history.—Atlantic.

Volunteers In South America.

There is a gentleman in Boston who spent a number of years among the various little South American republics and who gives an interesting account of the methods of one of these small states when it comes to a question of making war. The "navy" of the particular power referred to consists of a single old fashioned side wheel steamer, armed with one gun. In time of peace she is engaged in hauling freight up and down the river which runs close to the capital.

At the outbreak of one of the periodical wars not so very long ago the president of the republic took charge of the steamer and started up stream on a recruiting expedition, leaving his senior general in charge of the military preparations at the capital. A couple of days later the steamer returned, and some seventy miserable looking natives, each firmly bound with a strong rope, were marched off and turned over to the general, with a note from the president which read,

Dear General—I send you herewith seventy volunteers. Please return the ropes at once.

Boston Herald.

Didn't Recognize It.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops and in many ways showing his interest in his new possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day, a very thin crop, and had left it lying on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and, calling his man, he said:

"It seems to me you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?"

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was quizzing him. Then he replied:

"Little dribblings! Why, man, that's the crop!"

The Prayer That Hurt.

A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note to be read by the minister expressive of his thanks.

The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer, recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words:

"And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

Middle Ages Burials.

In the middle ages founders and patrons of ecclesiastical buildings began to be buried nearer and nearer to the fabric of the church or cathedral. First the porch, then the cloister, then the chapter house or chantry, came under demand; the chancel was next encroached upon, and lastly burials were allowed under the altar itself. At the other extreme of custom was the burial of malefactors and stillborn children on the north or "devil's side" of the yard, a practice concerning which chapters might be written.

Located.

Mrs. Winks—Why in the world didn't you write to me while you were away?

Mrs. Minks—I did write.

Mrs. Winks—Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail and he is still carrying it around in his pocket.

Mrs. Minks—No; I posted the letter myself.

Mrs. Winks—Ah! Then, it is in my husband's pocket.—New York Weekly.

Chinese Typesetting.

When a Chinese compositor sets type, he places them in a wooden frame 22 by 15 inches. This frame has twenty-nine grooves, each for a line of type, and the type rests in clay to the depth of a quarter of an inch. The types are of wood, perfectly square, and the compositor handles them with pinchers.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

CLOUD FORMATIONS.

What Causes Them to Assume Such Variety in Shape.

A good idea of the correct reason for varying cloud shapes may be obtained by watching the steam from a railway engine under different conditions. As it issues from the funnel it is transparent water vapor. On a moist, cloudy day it will hang in thick, fleecy masses in the track of the train. In dry, bright weather it will rise in light, thin wreaths, which quickly disappear, and again when the engine is standing in a station the steam will collect in masses above it.

These are practically the conditions of cloud formation. The shapes vary according to height above the earth, to the temperature of the particular air current in which they are floating, to the force and direction of the wind at the various altitudes and also in some measure to the electrical condition of the atmosphere and the amount of dust in it.

As a rule, the higher the clouds the lighter they are and the more widely spread. The so called mares' tails and mackerel sky are good examples of this. Some of the former are over five miles high and are believed to be composed of minute particles of ice. The clouds in a mackerel sky are generally about three miles high.

The heavy cumulus clouds, which so often look like vast mountain ranges, are only found in the lower and moister layers of atmosphere. Their lower surfaces are from half to three-quarters of a mile above the earth, while their higher points may range from two to three miles in elevation. Still lower than these come the heavy flat masses of nimbus or rain clouds which are seldom more than half a mile above the earth.

Sports of the Crusaders.

In their amusements Christians and infidels mingled very readily. During the truces the two frequently engaged in jousts and proved one another's skill in horsemanship, in the use of the lance, in the wielding of the sword and in the hurling of the spear. All, even the knights of the religious orders, entered with zest into these friendly rivalries. Both Christian and infidel were extremely fond of hunting and falconry. A long section in the assizes is devoted to the laws concerning the latter subject. Ousama in his autobiography devoted many pages to accounts of hunting experiences and to the art of falconry. The crusading leaders took their hunting dogs and falcons with them as a matter of course when they set out on the holy war.

As the close proximity of the enemy exposed both parties to constant attack, hunting agreements were made by which each might hunt in security on disputed territory. Gifts of dogs and hawks were interchanged, and friendships were sometimes formed because of the mutual interest in breeding hunting animals.—International Magazine.

His Particular Muse.

He had been calling on a young lady and had been talking against time for several hours, not noticing that she was, to say the least, slightly wearied.

"Do you know," he said, after completing a catalogue of several thousand words and thinking a little flattery would be appreciated, "while talking to-night I have felt as if I were inspired by one of the muses. And which one do you think it is?"

He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered:

"I guess the muse that inspires you tonight must be Euterpe."

He didn't really know anything about mythology, so he couldn't tell just what she meant. But when he got home he took down his encyclopedia, and there in cold type, staring him in the face, he saw:

"Euterpe—the muse who presided over wind instruments."

A Pretty Big Tiger.

Old Dickey S., a very wealthy but very illiterate East India merchant in London, took a pair of compasses and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country.

Suddenly Dickey dropped the compass in amazement. "It can't be! It ain't in the border of nature that it should be! Impossible! Ridiculous!"

"Why, Dickey, what's the matter?"

"Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!"

Dickey had measured the tiger by the scale of the map.

Electric Centipeds.

Least attractive among the insects which give light are the so called "electric centipeds"—black crawlers with many legs, which have been likened to serpents' skeletons in miniature. They move in a snakelike fashion, forward or backward, leaving behind them a bright track of phosphoric light. However, they are most accustomed to appear in the daytime, when the illumination they afford is not visible.

Unfortunate Error.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the Bangtown Bugle.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious canned meats from the best Chicago houses,' you've made it read 'horses.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Doubled as Alimony.

"Oh, yes, daughter's fully twice as happy as she was with her husband."

"How so?"

"Why, he used to give her an allowance of only $10, and now he has to pay her $20."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

A Japanese Superstition.

Writing exhaustively of dragon flies Lafcadio Hearn says in his book, "A Japanese Miscellany," of "the dragon fly of the dead:"

"Unlike the equally weird name 'yurei-tombo, or ghost dragon fly,' the term shoryo-tombo does not refer to the appearance of the insect, but to the strange belief that certain dragon flies are ridden by the dead, used as winged steeds.

"From the morning of the thirteenth to the midnight of the fifteenth day of the old seventh month—the time of the festival of the Bon—the dragon flies are said to carry the hotoke-sama, the august spirits of the ancestors, who then revisit their former homes. Therefore, during the Buddhist All Souls' children are forbidden to molest any dragon flies, especially dragon flies that may happen to enter the family dwelling.

"This supposed relation of dragon flies to the supernatural world helps to explain an old folk saying, still current in some provinces, to the effect that the child who catches dragon flies will never obtain knowledge."

How Frederick Stopped Dueling.

When Frederick the Great ascended the Prussian throne, fatal duels among officers were of daily occurrence. He resolved to put an end to the practice, and he did, for a time as long as he reigned, in fact. He issued an edict that any officer fighting a duel and surviving would be shot or hanged.

Two officers appealed to him to be allowed to try to slay each other. Granted on two conditions, that he (the king) should chose the ground and be present at the encounter. Accepted.

Frederick chose the ground, attended the "meet" and took his seat behind the fine new gibbet he had erected in honor of the occasion. The combatants approached his majesty, saw the gibbet, became puzzled and embarrassed.

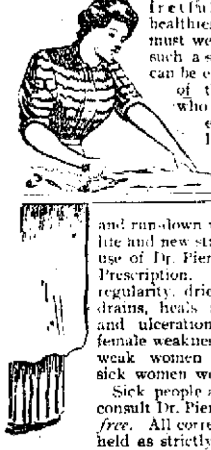
"What may this mean, your gracious majesty?" they ventured to ask.

"It means this," was the suave reply—"that the man who survives will be hanged as high as Haman on that gibbet."

There was no duel.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Deep Sea Life.

In the abysses of the oceans, below 500 fathoms many animals have either imperfect eyes or none. Their condition in this regard affords a suggestive parallel to that of cave life, and the causes are probably the same. Science is of the opinion that all deep sea life originally emigrated from the shallows.



The 8 Hour Day

Which the working man has fought for and succeeded in obtaining is something the wife has no share in. Her day begins before his and ends long after it, as a rule, and many a night her rest is broken by the baby's fretfulness. The healthiest woman must wear out under such a strain. What can be expected then of those women who are weakened by womanly diseases? Women who are weak, worn-out and run-down will find new life and new strength in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I suffered with female weakness about eight years—tried several doctors but derived no benefit until I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. John Green, of Danville, Boyle Co., Ky. "This medicine was recommended to me by other patients. I have taken six bottles and I feel like another person."

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" is only seeking to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss. Refuse all substitutes.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

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MAJOR BORUM AND THE THIEF

By Martha McCulloch Williams

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By Martha McCulloch Williams.

Old man Buckley, one of Marshalltown's three inveterate topers, was trying to sober up against his daughter's wedding. When he had his complement of drinks, he was to outward seeming as sober as a judge. Lack of them set him reeling upon his horse and guiding the sagacious beast in letter S's all over the road.

"Look!" Major Borum said to Molly, his niece and adopted heiress. "That's what I'm trying to save you from—the thing which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"You needn't try to make out poor Jink is a snake," Molly said spiritedly. "I'm sure he wouldn't crawl, not even to get me."

"Oho!ho! You think it was his independence that kept him from signing the pledge when I demanded it of him," the major said, with a fine, lofty scorn. Again Molly tossed her head.

"I would have said no to him if he had signed it," she said. "Why, Jink was never drunk but once in his life, and that was in the way of business. If he had not drunk to match that Long Hollow crowd, his pa would have lost all their trade, and it's worth a thousand dollars clear profit every year."

The major groaned. He was a round, pursy man, rosy faced, with little eyes twinkling through smothering fat. He had come back to his native town the year before breathing out a vague aroma of riches and ready to give advice offhand to anything from divine Providence to the town council. Marshalltown folk said he was cram full of crank notions, which he had had no chance to spend properly in governing a wife or bringing up children of his own.

He struck Marshalltown a teetotaler of the first water, the second water and also the third. Water was indeed his creed and rallying cry for the time being. His mind and heart were set upon organizing a temperance knighthood after ideas peculiarly his own.

Marshalltown would have none of the knighthood. It was so temperate, letting the single saloon languish except at Christmas time and the Fourth of July, that it resented organized temperance much as it might have resented the organization of an antistealing brotherhood. To its mind a man ought to drink when he felt like it and had good liquor handy, but should never be tempted into swallowing stuff he did not really care for by giving it the tang of forbidden fruit. So it heartily applauded Jink Travis' refusal to become the first fruits of the major's enthusiasm. It was a fine thing, everybody admitted, seeing how matters stood. Jink as good as engaged to Molly and Molly's heiresship contingent on her marrying to suit the major.

Jink and Molly had been lovers time out of mind. It was all settled that they should marry when Jink was taken into the firm. But the major came down upon them three months before the sign, "Travis & Son, Groceries, Hardware, Provisions, Liquors, Wholesale and Retail," went up upon the big block at the head of the main street. Molly had eight younger brothers and sisters. Her father could not hope to do more than feed and clothe them. So the major and his fortune had to be taken into account, especially when he asked to have Molly the same as his own child.

That was where the pinch came. For herself and Jink, Molly could have bidden the fortune go hang. But the children! She could not shut out her mother's anxious eyes, her father's patient, troubled face. As long as she did not rebel openly she was free to help with both hands. So she contented herself with vowing she would die an old maid unless she might marry Jink and smiling her sweetest at Jink himself whenever she got the chance.

Jink could not well be so patient. He wanted a wife, a home of his own and Molly for that wife. He was ready to do anything reasonable to get her. He might have gone in for that knighthood foolishness if he had not known she would be the first to despise him for it. He might even have done it and tried to square himself later with his sweetheart if he had been sure the major was honest in his crankery. Somehow the major's enthusiasm rang false to him. Under and behind the flow of words he saw something in the unctuous lips, the beady, twinkling eyes, which made him suspect that the major, like other self deluded mortals, was more anxious to pose as a great moral force than to rule strictly his own appetites.

Indeed, as Dan Brown put it, "the cut of the major's jib gave him away for a blamed old hypocrite." Dan Brown was Jink's chum, the head man at the new electric light plant, which Travis & Son had done so much to get installed. Of course, their own store was the very first to be wired and lighted. All the first week afterward Jink himself did nothing much but march around with swarming rural customers and flash lights into every dark hole and corner from the third story to the cellar. In the flashing he incidentally made them sure there was no danger of getting a stroke of lightning. Otherwise trade might have suffered.

"I say this yere projick, it jest knocks the socks off'n anything ever I saw," Squire Crane said as Jink made the cellar dark or light by the mere turning of a button. Afterward he explained that the cellar would be always light. Then everybody smiled. That meant something to Travis' customers. Ever since the store opened there had been a barrel of the best whisky conveniently remote from general view, but free to whoever chose to go and take a drink. It was, of course, a point of honor not to drink unless you were a pretty good customer. Major Borum was a pretty good customer, in spite of social complications, but nobody ever suspected him of even knowing where the barrel stood.

It lay bung up, with the thief hanging upon a handy nail in the wall a foot away. The thief, understand, was only an innocent tin tube, open at both ends and slender enough to slip easily through the bunghole. In use it was thrust down into the liquor, open ended. Then a finger held close over the upper end made it fetch out enough liquor for a drink, stiff or mild according to the depth of the plunge. By way of keeping the thief in place a little ring had been soldered on to the upper end, a long wire twisted in the ring and likewise made fast to the nail in the wall. Careless drinkers might otherwise have dropped the invaluable tube or absentminded ones, after the third drink, have gone off with it in the pocket.

Throughout the summer Major Borum came into the store only when he had business, but as the days grew short and nipping he fell into a way of sitting into the group around the stove, listening when he had to—that was rather seldom—and talking when he could—that was most of the time.

Toward Christmas the major haunted the store more than ever, especially late in the day when there was always plenty of trade. He had got so familiar he went everywhere up stairs or down, without exciting comment. Some few said he was slumbering down. They reckoned it would be all right betwixt Jink and Molly by—well, say, next spring; but Jink and Molly knew better. Indeed they had almost lost hope when Dan Brown came to their help.

The lights had been working badly, so Dan chased down into the cellar about dusk one night to look after the switchboard. In a minute he came up, his eyes staring like saucers, beckoned Jink to him and plunged again below. Nobody saw any more of them that night. They worked in the cellar until near 12 o'clock and went home chuckling aloud.

All next day Jink moved like a man in a dream, waiting upon customers with his head half turned over his shoulder. It was a busy day, Saturday, and the world and his wife were in town. About noon, when the crush was greatest, everybody was startled by a succession of yells, unearthly, agonizing, coming up, it seemed, from right under their feet. Three parts of the hearers dashed into the street, two women fainted, and old lady Buckley snatched up her basket of eggs, crying out that she "allus knew som'p'n' was bound ter happen ter that store ever sence they took an' made candles outen the Lord A'mighty's own thunder." But half a dozen rushed below, where the screams still kept up, intermingled now with roars of strenuous laughter.

There was more laughing when they saw the whole thing—Major Borum, thief in hand, howling, hopping from one foot to the other, unable to let go and between howls swearing like a pirate at Dan Brown, who stood with his hand upon an innocent looking key newly set in the switchboard.

Dan was saying between gasps:

"You've got to agree, major. Let Jink have Molly or here you stay all day. You can't let go that thief. It's got a full lamp voltage. We fixed it, Jink and I, as soon as ever I caught you taking a drink on the sly."

"No, no, Dan. I can't let you persecute Molly's uncle," Jink said, reaching for the key. "I'm awfully obliged to you, though, for watching here," he went on. "You know," to those behind him, "we could not afford to turn on the current—until we were sure of our man."

"I sorter reckon you've made sure of your gal," old man Buckley said as the crestfallen major vanished up the stair.

Sure enough, it turned out that Jink had.

"The Light That Failed."

A wealthy Riverina squatter, now departed, as he used to phrase it, "to the great Muster," was noted almost as much for his Attic wit as for his parsimony. He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of "D'ye see? D'ye see?" His niggardly traits gained him widespread local unpopularity and the bitter enmity of sundowners, who were always rigorously refused rations at his stations.

Smarting under this unusual inhospitality, some disappointed swaggies on occasion set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate: "We've well burnt down your wool shed. D'ye see? D'ye see?"

Of course, it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through. For a moment he contemplated the announcement and then with a sardonic grin took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well insured. D'ye see? D'ye see?"—Household Words.

Life History In Hair.

A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it, and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from overwork, anxiety or underfeeding.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

Intentional.

The caller had a grievance.

"That communication I sent you yesterday," he said, "was signed 'More Anon' as plainly as the words could be written. You printed it in your paper this morning 'Omega.'"

"I know it," replied the editor. "We didn't intend there should be any more anon."—Chicago Tribune.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY

Friday evening, Jan. 10th, was the regular installation of officers of T. E. A. The following officers were installed: Past President, Rev. D. H. Dunbar; president, Mrs. R. Stull; vice president, Mrs. J. C. Mosier; controller, J. C. Stull; treasurer, James Bray; secretary, Miss Edith Mosier; chaplain, Mrs. D. H. Dunbar; 1st guide, Mrs. Digel; 2nd guide, Mrs. Scowden; 1st warden, Duella Acre; 2nd warden, Clinton Young; trustee, Fred Digel.

The Farmers' Institute, which was held here the 15th and 16th of this month, was a success in every way. The instructors, John A. Woodward, W. H. H. Riddle, Prof. R. L. Watts and G. C. Felix, gave many instructing and interesting talks. The refreshment committee served refreshments, the proceeds of which were applied on Rev. D. H. Dunbar's salary. Thursday evening the ladies, assisted by James Bray, gave a fine entertainment.

Our genial friend of the east side who has long considered himself the champion checker player, is now wearing a defeated look. It seems that one of our professionals from the west side challenged him to a game with the result that he and his assistant now admit that they do not understand the game and west side now holds the honors.

Feb. 7th a "night cap" social will be given under the auspices of T. F. A. The proceeds are for a worthy purpose and it is hoped the social will be well attended.

Since so many dogs in this vicinity have been bitten by mad dogs, every dog owner should muzzle or chain their dogs.

Crescent Council expects to entertain Eldred Council in the near future.

CLERMONT

The P., S. & N. surveyers are in town surveying the line from here through to Hazelhurst, to connect the road in the latter town, which they intend to build in the near future.

F. Siegart of Kasson was in town canvassing votes for the nomination of supervisor. Mr. Siegart is still in the field.

F. J. Sillies returned home Wednesday from Carbon county where he had been attending the funeral of his father.

J. P. Howard of Angelica, N. Y., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. Krumnell.

Quite a number of people of our hamlet are laid up with lagrippe.

All the teams are busy at present getting in chemical wood.

Jack Dolley was at Mt. Jewett on Saturday last.

Unfeeling Chinese.

A typical scene in a Manchurian village is thus described by a correspondent of the London News:

"That afternoon we pulled up near three shanties on a woodside, and a gang of Chinese, all squabbling and making noises like dogs growling over bones, fought with one another to get on a platform where a boiler was chained. There was a scuffle. One Chinese was pushed backward and fell. His head hit the metal and cracked like a nut. He gave a wriggle and died. The Russians who saw the accident were affected. The Chinese laughed. He lay for an hour in the sun until I undid his sleeping rug and spread it over his face. He was soon forgotten. A Chinese threw some hot water over a growling dog and made it howl. At this there were shrieks of mirth.

"The engine puffed and groaned and jerked the wagons into progress. The last I saw of this spot was two Chinamen pitching mud at the same dog to keep it from sniffing at the body of the dead."

Sense In Proverbs.

There is a deal of sound sense in the proverbs of a nation. Earl Russell defined a proverb as being the wit of one man and the wisdom of many, and the aptness of this is well shown in the following from the Spanish, "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." The thought is as old as the race of mankind, but ages passed before one man hit upon the happy expression of it. This saying from the Chinese is a whole homily on pride in one sentence, "When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are longer than the roots."

For a concise expression of the lofty aspirations of youth and the sober achievements of riper years take this sentence from Henry D. Thoreau, "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

How the Natives Treat Gorillas.

Natives in the countries inhabited by great apes regard them always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impossible to get hold of an entire gorilla skin, because the savages considered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harmless in case they should by any chance come to life again.

His Choice of Sacrifices.

"It is true," said the person of high ideals, "that you have attained prosperity by your writings, but you have produced nothing that will live."

"Well," answered the comfortable litterateur, "when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I didn't hesitate to sacrifice my writings."

Her Comment.

Mrs. Growells—My husband is continually quarreling about trifles.

Mrs. Howells—Well, my dear, the less one has to quarrel about the better.—Chicago News.

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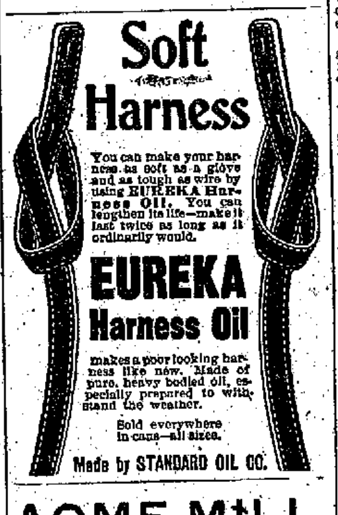
at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.



Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

ACME MILL,
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MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Official Directory

STATE

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—F. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; B. C. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon, [illegible]
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—J. R. Mayo, president; Jno. A. Apple, treasurer; J. D. Gallup, secretary; W. P. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Hebler.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Elections—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, J. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
A. M. THAMM, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 224, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible] SWANSON, [illegible] Patriarch.
H. M. [illegible], Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 14, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7 30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
B. R. MAYO, Com.
M. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 152, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. T. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent No. [illegible], meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. [illegible] WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Bessie Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA E. GIFFORD, Com.
MRS. ELLA HOGARTH, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—[illegible] meets [illegible] each month [illegible] Hall, [illegible] Block, at [illegible]
[illegible] LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at [illegible] in the M. E. Church.
MISS S. A. STULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
J. H. LEWIS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7 22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10 38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7 15 a. m., Washington 8 30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 14 daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH A. M. Lv	Weekdays STATIONS	SOUTH Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11 48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:16 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. B. & K. RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.
IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1901.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	5	7	19
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Bradford Leave	7 40	10 16	1 30	4 05	
Kinzua Junc.	8 15	10 50	2 05	4 40	
Aiken	8 20	10 55	2 10	4 45	
Davis	8 25	11 00	2 15	4 50	
Simpson	8 31	11 06	2 21	4 56	
Ormsby	8 40	11 15	2 30	5 05	
Smethport Ar.	9 06	11 40	2 55	5 30	
Lv.	8 10	10 40	1 55	4 30	
Mt Jewett	9 16	11 45	3 00	5 35	
Kane Ar.	9 45	12 20	3 35	6 10	
Lv	9 45		4 30		
Nansen	10 18		5 07		
Sheffield June.	10 38		5 30		
Marienville	11 20		6 15		
Tylersburg	12 00		6 56		
Lucinda	12 15		7 11		
West Clarion	12 40		7 35		6 10
Clarion Junc.	12 45		7 38		6 04
Shippenville	1 00		7 53		6 10
Knox	1 16		8 13		6 32
St Petersburg	1 37		8 54		7 16
Foxburg	2 10		9 08		7 30
Parker	2 25				7 40
Petrolia	2 52				8 07
Chicora	3 10				8 25
Butler	4 00				9 20
Callery June.	4 25				9 45
Allegheny Ar.	5 30				11 45
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.

NORTHBOUND

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	20
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Allegheny Lv				7 30	3 20
Callery June.				8 20	4 29
Butler				9 30	5 15
Chicora				10 10	5 54
Petrolia				10 28	6 13
Parker				10 55	6 40
Foxburg		4 35		11 15	7 00
St Petersburg		4 50		11 30	7 15
Knox		5 35		12 15	8 00
Shippenville		5 52		12 32	8 16
Clarion June.		6 04		12 45	8 30
West Clarion		6 07		12 48	8 33
Lucinda		6 30		1 15	
Tylersburg		6 48		1 34	
Marienville		7 32		2 15	
Sheffield June.		8 12		3 00	
Nansen		8 37		3 20	
Kane Ar		9 15		3 55	
Lv	7 35	10 10	1 25	4 00	
Mt Jewett	8 10	10 45	2 00	4 35	
Ormsby	8 40	11 15	2 30	5 05	
Smethport Ar.	9 05	11 45	2 56	5 30	
Lv	8 40	10 40	1 55	4 30	
Simpson	8 49	11 24	2 38	5 14	
Davis	8 55	11 30	2 45	5 20	
Aiken	9 00	11 35	2 50	5 25	
Kinzua June	9 06	11 40	2 55	5 30	
Bradford Ar	9 40	12 10	3 25	6 00	
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains 2 and 7 run daily between Bradford, Smethport and Kane. All other trains daily except Sunday.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. [illegible] Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Nov. [illegible] 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

			Stations			
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 [illegible]	Lv Mt Jewett Ar	8 [illegible]	12 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 31	Hazelhurst	7 30	12 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
[illegible]	2 05	8 35	Marvindale	7 [illegible]	11 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 40	Kasson	7 24	11 30	4 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 42	Cornes	7 18	11 18	4 08
				7 10	11 10	4 00
5 45	2 30	8 55	Smethport	p. m.		
		9 14		7 15		
6 07	2 43	9 27	Farmers Valley	7 03	10 58	3 45
6 13	2 49	9 34	Corryville	6 56	10 51	3 25
6 20	2 55	9 40	Larabee	6 50	10 46	3 15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down	Stations & Sidings	Northward Read up
P.M. A.M.		P.M. A.M.
7.40 11.30	Clermont	7.00 8.35
7.59 11.52	Wellendorf	6.28 8.17
8.12 12.06	Wildwood	6.40 8.04
8.22 12.19	North Fork	5.38 7.58
8.29 12.28	Bear Run	5.26 7.47
AM		PM
8.47 12.50	St Marys	4.50 7.25
9.07 2.50 7.38	St Marys	11.02 6.47
7.52 7.40	Kaul	11.00 6.45
3.17 8.03	Paine	10.34 6.20
3.21 8.08	Kersey	10.30 6.16
4.00 8.46	Elbon	9.59 5.44
4.05 8.50	Hyde	9.55 5.40
AM AM		PM AM
6.03	St. Marys	6.08
8.05 6.30	Paine	5.42 8.05
8.35 7.00	Byrne	5.10 7.30
8.40 7.05	Weedville	5.05 7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt, St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
			Ar Dp			
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.23
7.49	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.33	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Kushequa Route.

In Effect May 20, 1901.

Leave Newton for Smethport, 8:25 a. m., 12:45 a. m., 3:25 p. m.
Arrive Smethport 8:47 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 7:17 p. m.
Leave Smethport for Mt. Jewett 7:55 a. m., 12 m, 4:55 p. m.
Arrive Mt. Jewett 8:05 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 7:1 p. m.
Leave Mt. Jewett for Smethport 8:05 a. m. 11:00 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 6:09 p. m.

T. E. MOULTON, Supt.
D. F. PARISH, G. P. A.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."